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STORM THOUGHTS.

"Montagu Review."

Against my window, the rain to-night
Is pattering, thick and fast;
And the trees without moan weird and wild,
In every freshening blast.

The winds increase, the storm grows wild,
And shrieks thro' laboring trees;
While the deep'ning roar from the far sea-shore,
Speaks the wrath of the angry seas.

And here, in my warm and cheerful room,
I listen to storm and rain;
And think of those, who on helpless wrecks
Are tossed on the fearful main.

I seem to see as the lightnings flash,
The wreck 'mid the flying spray;
And the blast in the trees seems to echo a shriek,
As each binding mast gives way.

I see her scudding before the wind,
No helm her course to guide;
I hear the crash, as upon a rock,
She parts 'mid the angry tide.

Another flash, and no ship appears;
No wreck among the waves;
But a bubbling eddy for a moment marks,
The place of a hundred graves.

Ah! many a child will call in vain,
And many a parent rave,
For ones they loved, that deep in the sea,
Now sleep in a coral cave.

The wife will watch and pray in vain
For the form she will never see;
And her sad, sad heart will tell her this,
As she kisses her child at her knee.

The mother will mingle the name in her prayers,
Of the son she will never see;
And dream, what she dared not think by day,
That her boy was drowned at sea.

But these are thoughts, too dark and sad,
Yea, darker than need to be;
For God, who is God of the flowery land,
Is God of the flowerless sea.

BISMARCK'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLICY.

PRIZE ORATION OF THE CLASS OF '75.

BY J. PAUL REYNOLDS.

A hundred years ago the spirit of independence and of nationality first stirred in the hearts of the American people. Then it was that thirteen heroic colonies, weak in material resources but strong in the consciousness of right, appealed to the God of Battles for an idea and a principle. Then it was that in a conflict with the strongest military and naval power of the age, they triumphantly asserted the justice of the one and vindi-

cated the truth of the other. Ten years ago a mourning nation was told that her heroes had not fallen in vain, but that on the field at Appomattox that other idea, the idea of the inviolability of human rights, and that other principle, the principle of unity and integrity of the State, were recognized and established forever. To-day there is another conflict for an idea, and a principle, a conflict not yet, thank Heaven, made vivid by the horrors of war, but nevertheless a conflict whose issue is as vital to America and American institutions as was that whose success made us a nation, or that other whose result assured our existence and gave it perpetuity.

What is this idea, this principle? Where the scene of conflict? The nation is in apparent harmony. No sounds or scenes of discord disturb our peaceful shores. No word of hostile demonstration flashes over our cables. But way down upon the southern slope of Europe, upon the historic banks of the Tiber, where the crumbling monuments of Roman greatness mourn the departed glory of the eternal city, and frown upon the degeneracy of a noble race, a voice, terrible in its historic associations, speaks to Christendom, denouncing in tones familiar to them only, of mediæval despotism, denouncing the "audacity" of modern thought, of modern civilization, of modern liberty, demanding universal obedience, and declaring all temporal authority subject to the spiritual power. The idea of civil allegiance, the principle of the supremacy of the State, this is the idea and this the principle that is assailed, assailed by a power whose potent influence has made memorable twelve centuries of European history under that terribly significant title "The Dark Ages."

But where is the scene of this conflict? Prussia, long insulted and oppressed, emerging from her vale of humiliation, fired with the spirit of her heroes, resolved to emulate the days of the great Frederick. She demanded a leader; a leader who would point her to the realization of her ambition—one great, united, Germanic nation. In Bismarck—Soldier, Statesman, Philosopher—she found one; and from Dupel to Koniggratz, from Koniggratz to Sedan, from Sedan to Paris, swiftly one after the other he swept away the obstacles to nationality, and forty million people of one country, one language, one destiny, became one great, free and happy nation. But sixteen of these forty millions

owed a spiritual allegiance to the Church of Rome, the church in whose history the idea of religion is lost in that of an usurping political policy. The Church, in which to-day, in the language of a great English Statesman, "Individual Servitude, however abject, will not satisfy the dominant party, the State must also be a slave." Here then is the scene of this conflict of nationality and "Paparchy," of society and intolerance. The antagonistic forces had met in the German Empire. Collision was inevitable. Rome had not changed since the days that witnessed a German Emperor, smocked and barefoot in the snow, imploring absolution of a pitiless Hildebrand. She demanded submission; would accept no less. "But," said Bismarck, significantly, "we are not going to Canossa, either bodily or spiritually." It would be long before Pius IX. would play the Hildebrand to the Emperor Frederick William. It was not a defiance to provoke Papal antagonism. Ultramontanism was already an organized political power, with principles of avowed hostility to German unity long before it was consummated at Versailles, and the new Empire at once became the mark of its hatred, bitter, intense, powerful.

Bismarck was not the aggressor. But in assailing the sovereignty of the Empire they touched the apple of his eye. Was he to accept defeat in the very hour of victory? Were German unity, independence, sovereignty, the dream of her poets, the aspiration of her patriots, the vague longing of her people, to be thus rudely annihilated at the very moment of their realization? Were the interests of civil society and government everywhere to be surrendered without a struggle? 'No,' said Bismarck, and 'no' was re-echoed by the German people, and by the voice of all nations. The State would never surrender, when surrender meant to vacate sovereignty. And so when Seminaries supported by the State were found to be nurseries of treason, controlled by ultramontanes from Italy and devoted to the denationalization of clergy, loyalty to the State, and a good education were by law made preliminary qualifications of the clergy. It was forbidden to employ church discipline for political ends, or for the injury of any one in person, property or liberty. It was declared that any person should be privileged to withdraw from the church without sustaining censure or damage. Nothing restricting liberty of faith, of worship, or of conscience.

Nothing touching uniformity of belief, or affecting the internal spiritual discipline of churches. Nothing can be found in these laws savoring of tyranny over men's liberties of conscience. Yet were they denounced, defied and disobeyed. The Emperor himself complains that "leading Catholic priests have, unfortunately, not only joined in the movement, but joined in it to the extent of open revolt against existing laws."

Bismarck enforced the laws, enforced them by penalties of fine, imprisonment and forfeiture of office. He expelled all Jesuits from Prussian territory, and suppressed all factious organizations of the Church. "Monstrous!" cried the Ultramontanes. "This is political proscription, this is persecution." Political proscription it may be, but can society afford to parley with theorists about the amount of consideration due its enemies, when Law, Government, and social order are threatened? At such times *action* prompt, vigorous, effectual, must meet the emergency or all is lost. And is it persecution? If indeed there be any persecution it is hardly in a style to recall the terrible solemnities of "The Holy Inquisition." But political proscription and persecution there is none, for laws precisely similar to those which in Prussia have invoked the thunders of ecclesiastical denunciation, laws such as have there been met by bitter defiance, and by systematic disobedience, just such laws as these have long existed in Oldenburg and other German States, not only with his knowledge and recognition, but by actual compact with the Pope. Could these laws, "if against God and the Church" in one part of Germany, be less so in another? Was Rome indeed reduced to this extremity for a pretext to assail German Nationality.

But religion, we admit, is no proper subject for legislation, nor is political proscription and persecution a just exercise of the prerogatives of government; but to combat foreign usurpation and domestic treason is such, and it has been only to the resistance of the one and the suppression of the other that Bismarck's Ecclesiastical Policy has ever been directed.

But why are we called upon to sympathize with Germany, a great and successful military power, in her internal conflicts? Because the question is not whether Germany be great or small, strong or weak, but whether she is just and right; and no man, no nation, however powerful, can afford to go against the moral judgment of mankind or to ignore in great questions the calm verdict of history. But this is not all. Our own interests in this conflict, individual and national, are identical with the interest of Germany. Bismarck's antagonist is also our enemy. Rome has not declared war against German independence and civilization alone, but against society and civil authority everywhere. It is "The Holy Roman Empire" seeking universal supremacy, ready in France to ally itself with

Legitimists and Imperials, in Germany with social Democrats and Polish Revolutionists, in Spain to bless the Carlist banditti, in the United States to work by free schools or against them, and in every land, whether through the laws, behind the laws, under the laws, or over the laws, to seize its own opportunity. It is a foreign tyrant saying to our sister Republic*: "We do censure, condemn and declare utterly null and void" laws enacted by the Government of that Republic, laws providing for free education, for the freedom of the press, and for freedom of worship. It is a Roman despotism, insolently parading its pretensions before our eyes, creating its minions of American citizens and upon American soil. Seeking in every way, by fair means or foul, to control, subvert, or abolish our splendid system of free education, this is the form that we recognize and abhor. O may it ever be as justly said that when the liberties of man, or the independence and sovereignty of States, or the sacred principles of justice, or the glorious institution of civilization were in peril, that then America was in sympathy with *Right and Truth*, for now, as when twenty-three hundred years ago it was written near the willow-fringed rivers of Babylon, "As for truth, it endureth and is always strong. It liveth and conquereth forevermore."

* The Republic of New Grenada.

A DICKENS PARTY.

BY JULIA MERRY.

It is Mr. and Mrs. Boffin's Golden Wedding day. Perhaps you don't all know Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. In such a case you must immediately make their acquaintance. No one who has once seen Mrs. Boffin's broad, cheery face can help feeling anxious to know more of her. In short, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin are the kindest, cheeriest, most sympathizing, unlearned people you can find by scouring great London for a day.

It was the desire of Mrs. Boffin and her beloved "Noddy" to celebrate this auspicious day by inviting all their friends, rich and poor, in Dickens' world; and accordingly on this day we find this plan has been carried out, for the parlors are full of people of every kind and degree.

A young girl with dark curly hair, bright expressive eyes, and a generally coquettish, graceful air, easily recognized as the "lovely woman," Bella Wilfer, is talking to her father, R. Wilfer, a meek, chubby little man, looking very much like a cherub grown old. Bella is petting her father and talking to him in her earnest, confiding way.

"Hold! I cannot allow such levity." Whose voice can that be but Mrs. Wilfer's? And there she is, her hands encased in gloves, and handkerchief over her head, glancing in her most freezing manner on that original young

man, Sam Weller, Esq. He refusing to be put down, continues the recountal of his adventures since he "was first pitched neck and crop into the world to play at leap frog with its troubles," interspersing the same with many of his original anecdotes. Mrs. Wilfer, being at last propitiated, relaxes into a grim smile, and edifies him with reminiscences of her early life.

But who is that smiling, benignant, jolly-looking old gentleman? Is it?—yes, it is Scrooge. But what an agreeable change! Scrooge, who used to be a terror to all children, is now leaning over a wee, pale, but cheerful little face, looking up in his and smiling very contentedly. Well, we are glad to see old friends changed, when it is for the better, and henceforth will give ghosts some credit, since Marley's ghost certainly benefited Scrooge, and opened his heart to Tiny Tim.

Mark Tapley, searching for a fit subject on which to expend his cheerfulness, discovers that "lone, lorn creature," Mrs. Gummidge. No one, after seeing her thin, dreary face and unconcealed forlornity, could deny him credit for being cheerful with her. He succeeds in imparting some of his superfluous good nature to her, for her spirits, before at freezing point, rise with astonishing rapidity.

Mrs. Jellyby, a pretty, plump woman of about forty, with handsome eyes that seem to look a great way off, is talking in a very learned manner about Africa. Her extensive correspondence of about five hundred letters daily, shows great devotion to that country, especially to the Borrioboola-Ghans. Her principal hearer is a well-preserved elderly gentleman with a delicate, refined face, and an easy negligence of dress and manner. He asks questions in an artless, childish manner, but then, he is only a child, he says. He has no worldly wisdom. His wants are simple. Then why can't men let Harold Skimpole live without demanding what he does not have—money.

The mystic message "Barkis was willin'," causes a large, good-natured woman, with a face very like a hard red apple, to laugh and blush most unaccountably, sending Peggotty's buttons in a perfect shower to all parts of the room.

Of course Mr. Pickwick is there, and never was there so benevolent a smile or benignant a look as that which illuminates the face of the great Pickwick.

Mr. Micawber, tired of waiting for something to turn up, has decided that his talent for talking can be best employed in exhibiting Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works, and accordingly he is about concluding a bargain with Mrs. Jarley, with prospects of bringing up the young Micawbers in that promising field.

A young man with a large mouth stretched to its utmost limits in a good-natured grin, and with a peculiar faculty for showing his buttons, of which he has an incredible num-

ber, is standing lost in admiration. The object of Sloppy's glances is a lame girl with long, wavy golden hair—Jenny Wren, the Doll's Dressmaker—who is energetically telling Dick Sniveller she knows his tricks and his manners, while the Marchioness stands by in gaping admiration at any one with so much spirit and independence.

Mr. Jarndyce is talking genially to every one, saying in a positive tone that the wind is south, not east. Mr. and Mrs. Boffin are bustling around, meanwhile, making everyone, if possible, more at home than ever. The cricket chirps away right merrily on the hearth, seeming excited by the company, and if its rival—the kettle—were here, it must surely acknowledge itself defeated, for the music that pours forth from its melodious throat defies all restraint from size.

In due time supper is announced, and the bounteous supplies justly feel flattered by the ample justice done them. Toasts without number are drank and acknowledged. Enjoyment is at its height, when poor little Johnny comes in, drawn completely one-sided by the immense baby, looking much larger than he. The breathless Johnny is relieved of his load and heartily enjoys his supper, while the precious baby is entrusted to Tilly Slowboys, who with the best intentions brings its head into immediate contact with every solid near at hand.

Of course there must be a dance, but that is only for the young folks. So those who can call no longer themselves young, look on resignedly, till inspired by the example of Mr. Boffin, who triumphantly leads his "old lady" on the floor, all join in and whisk about with great spirit. How they dance! Even Tilly Slowboys and the baby take part, which gives Tilly an excellent opportunity for testing the quality of baby's skull.

Then, after wishing Mr. and Mrs. Boffin many happy returns of the day, they part with mutual good-will and enjoyment, leaving the cricket alone in his glory. After a few drowsy chirps he subsides, justly feeling that never has a cricket so distinguished itself before, and that it is a day to occur but once in a cricket's life.

When men are hastening with wild hope in pursuit of their selfish desires, their ears are deaf to thousands of soft voices which greet them with resistless power, when once disappointment, danger and despair have compelled them to retrace their steps.

FLORENCE N. GREGG.

THE State Board of Education in connection with the State Superintendent, has been mindful of the coming exhibition at Philadelphia, and proposes to send photographs of every public school in the State, with specimens of work done by pupils of each class. We hope that our school will be well represented.

REMEMBRANCES.

BY ALICE B. POINIER.

Her thoughts were drifting backward
To the halcyon days of yore,
When a merry child she used to be,
Playing at mother's door.

To the little brook and the meadow,
And the old moss-grown mill,
Whose wheel was always running,
But now is silent and still.

To the rambles in the forest,
With "Carlo" at her side;
And the pleasant talks with mother
In the shadowy eventide.

Alas, they all have left her,
She sleeps in the silent tomb,
And the dear old home on the hillside
Is all a vanished dream.

The memories that keep thronging
Of those happy days long gone,
Seem to mock her now as she sits
With her grief and care alone.

But one bright thought is cheering her
Upon her lonesome way—
The thought of the Heavenly greeting
On some golden future day.

When in that peaceful abode,
Where the loving angels are blest,
We shall meet to part no more
In the land of eternal rest.

BLANK VERSE.

BY EMMA DUNNING.

One beautiful morning in December, a young girl might have been seen hurrying along the main street of one of our suburban villages, leading her younger sister by the hand. They had started out to buy Christmas presents. The sun shone pleasantly and the crisp snow cracked sharply beneath their feet. They were very happy, and the elder thought "how pleasant this is, gliding in and out, seeing the pretty things and buying those that you wish to have, it is just real life poetry." And the younger, thinking of the story that her mama had told her, wondered "if the beautiful Christ-child would not like a present on Christmas morning, and wished she could find one good enough for Him." The long looked for Christmas morning came, but there were no happy greetings or little gifts exchanged. The little girl had been ill; all night the anxious mother and sister had watched; and now the "Christ-child" had taken His gift to Himself. All was gloom and sadness, for the life of the house was gone, and the lonely sister looked wearily out of the window and thought of the day, only two weeks since, when everything seemed so bright and beautiful, when she had thought that life was poetry. Now, she had no little sister, and every thing was dark and gloomy; all

the poetry seemed suddenly to have gone out of her life, and looking forward to the future years, nothing remained but cold hard prose. Yet the poetry was there all the same; and in the later years she recognized it, and saw that it was just this sad change that she had needed to make her life better. And so frequently when life looks least inviting, it contains the most poetry, although it may take long years to find it out; even as in blank verse, we must read the long lines through to the end before we can understand the poetry, and know that it is really verse.

Life is poetry, but poetry is not limited to the consonance of sounds, and life is as varied as verse.

We naturally think of poetry as inseparably connected with rhyme, but with very little search we find the verse without a rhyme, blank verse—"long weary lines, just doled out in a measure, and every one beginning with a capital letter, just to make you catch your breath and think you're going to begin again." But it is in this measure that the hero stories are told. Would not it be splendid if we all were heroic and our lives were epics!

We may enjoy a life of gaiety; with no aim but pleasure, a smooth and easy flow of events may seem to us perfect harmony, but with deeds done just to make the rhyme and rhythm, life filled with selfish purposes gradually becomes narrower and narrower; for by too much sunlight the vision is contracted.

When trials and disappointments come, former gaiety having unfitted us for sorrow, we are at first weighed down with trouble; but looking about us and seeing others bearing greater burdens bravely, we feel ashamed and put away our own petty grief. We can then sympathize with the suffering, and can help the "heavy laden," and thus our trials may diffuse the starlight that enlarges the vision and enables it to take in infinite space. Our lives are then adapted to higher and more perfect things; we are not looking out so much for the pleasure, the mere rhyming, but more for the real good; and so life becomes elevated, majestic and even sublime; then indeed it is poetry.

We all like hero stories written in blank verse, the denouement is always so grand, and we follow eagerly to see what the heroes do in the end. But what if they are "all killed off?" Then they do really begin again, and the hero story is indeed finished.

If we wish our lives to be epics, we have one grand hero story which we may read and try to make our story resemble; but in order to reach perfection, we must not skip a single line of our model, but study it diligently and carefully, and when we come to the end of life, the Great Hero will say of our work as of his own—"It is finished."

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

EDITORS:

CYRUS E. V. POOL, MINNIE L. LYON,
CHARLES P. HEWITT, ALMEDA M. OLDS.

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EDITORIAL.

"Tis the music of gladness, the voice of the Morn,
That bids us rejoice when a New Year is born."

The New Year, bright and joyous, stands waiting a welcome, and we greet it gladly in this our offering, where are linked memories of the Old Year with hopes for the New.

The coming of the New Year crowds thoughts thick and fast upon us, of those who imperilled their lives and fortunes for our freedom, and whose brave deeds the nation is about to commemorate.

The year that ushers in the Centennial of our nation, also brings our High School to a higher plane of action. It has now passed its twenty-first year, and may truly be said to be of age. If we may judge of its future work by its past, we predict for it a brilliant career, and a time when we shall look upon our Alma Mater with feelings of pride.

Time everywhere leaves its changes, and our school has not been free from them. Mr. E. F. Smith having resigned in the summer, Mr. C. L. Woodruff, of the Penn. State Normal School, was appointed by the Board of Education to fill his place. Early last spring the ranks of our female teachers were invaded, and Miss Minnie B. Churchill, of the E. C. Class, was triumphantly borne away as the bride of the Rev. D. Dewolf, of Bristol, Conn. Miss Laura P. Hill, of the D. Class, was promoted to fill the vacancy. Miss Ella G. Brown, a graduate of the High and Normal Schools, was appointed to the charge of the N. D. Class. Miss Remick, of the B. and Miss Bosworth, of C. Class, are absent on account of illness, and Miss Marie A. Marcher, a graduate of Vassar College, has charge of the B. Class, and Mrs. Ellen H. Sanborn, a graduate of Northampton Literary Institute, of the E. C. Class.

Our school is in a flourishing condition as regards the pupils, although in the male department the scholars are so crowded, and the D. Classes are so large as to justify the appointment of an additional teacher, and the enlargement of the building. We trust our Board will see to the matter as soon as possible.

Last year the Board of Education determined, on account of the crowded condition of the School, to raise the per cent. required for admission into the school, from 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ to 70 per cent., and thus keep the lower rank of scholars in the Grammar Schools another year. But the scholars aware of the fact put forth all of their energies, and the result is

that the D. Classes this year are larger than ever.

During the past year but few changes have been made in our High School building, but the most important alteration has been in the young ladies' department. The former dressing room has been transformed into a handsome reception room, having been carpeted and furnished in a manner that does no little credit to our Board of Education. We hope the same good taste may be exercised when our long-needed new High School makes its appearance. The young ladies' court has been made considerably smaller by the dressing room which has been placed there.

The young gentlemen of the A. Class have been removed from the room occupied by the A. Class of former years, to one of the recitation rooms in the rear of the building. The removal was met with some opposition at first, but as the room overlooks the young ladies' play-ground, the gentlemen have quietly submitted to their fate.

Now as the flight of the Old Year brings the dawn of the New, let us with thoughts and aims higher and better, enter with joy upon the Happy New Year. As we reluctantly close the door upon the Old Year, let us not think of it as dead,—

"For the years never die, for the lessons they give
In the heart of humanity cluster and live."

OUR SOCIETIES.

THE MONTAGU.

The Montagu Society is in a very flourishing condition. The membership, composed of the young ladies of the A. and B. Classes, is larger than it has been at any previous time of its existence.

Several important additions have been made to the library of the Society during the past year, among which, a complete set of Little Classics, Miss Alcott's works, and the Bric-à-Brac series, are the most conspicuous. The leading magazines and papers of the day—Harper's Magazine, Scribner's Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, Appleton's Journal, Independent, and Semi-Weekly Tribune,—are found upon the reading table of the Society. By means of these and the admirably chosen library, the members of the Society are enabled to make themselves acquainted with everything of importance that transpires in the department of art, and in the political, scientific and literary worlds.

At the last public meeting of the Society, the room, which was tastefully decorated, was filled to its utmost capacity, and the meeting was in every respect a decided success.

THE HESPERIAN.

This Society, which is composed of male members of the A. and B. Classes, was probably never in so prosperous a condition as now. The membership roll is fully as large as, and at the beginning of the year was

larger than it has ever been since its first organization.

The objects of this Society are the improvement of its members in debating and in other departments of literary work, and to give them a knowledge of parliamentary rules and of self-government.

Last year the plan was adopted of allowing the young gentlemen to elect their own presiding officer, instead of having the Principal preside at their meetings, as was formerly the custom. This plan, which relieves the Principal of much society work, has proved a complete success, as the members, feeling the increased responsibility which rests upon them, are becoming more and more interested in the Society's welfare.

This Society is fully accomplishing the objects for which it was organized, and we wish it a long and happy continuance.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The Natural History Society connected with the High School, in addition to the regular monthly meetings, has held several evening sessions during the year, at which, subjects of general scientific interest have been discussed.

The Society holds in trust the fine cabinet of minerals belonging to the New Jersey Natural History Society, which, with the collection in Natural History belonging to the Society connected with the School, forms a collection of the greatest help to the School, particularly to those pursuing the Scientific Course.

Friends of the Society having articles of value—mineral or otherwise—could place them nowhere where they would do so much good as in our collection, their permanency would be that of the High School itself.

The Society is under great obligation to J. Balbach and Son, J. Hagar, Esq., and to Geo. J. Hoehnle, of this city, for valuable additions to the cabinet.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ANY that have visited our Chapel during the past year could not have failed to notice the two fine steel engravings, after Landseer, which adorn the walls. The editors of last year's Annual, out of the generosity of their hearts and pity for the blank, expressionless walls, presented these engravings to the school, for which we earnestly thank them.

The decline of the year is marked by the death of many prominent men. Vice-President Wilson died in November, thus adding another name to the long list of Vice-Presidents who have already died; by his death only two Ex-Vice-Presidents remain living—Colfax and Hamlin.

The class of '76 is larger than any previous graduating class. Its members, throughout the entire course, have been characterized by the same independence and freedom of action, which distinguished our forefathers. They are worthy the name of '76.

GRAVITATION.

PRIZE ESSAY, CLASS OF '75.

BY MARY EVA GRAVES.

Many thousand years ago, while Ignorance was still holding her sceptre, and before Philosophy had started on her long and illustrious career, men were familiar with two sets of simple and invariable phenomena—the fall of heavy bodies set free above the earth's surface; and the pressure of such bodies on its surface or on any support.

But man's knowledge was limited to effects. He failed to comprehend the grand secret which nature was everywhere endeavoring to reveal. He had not as yet entered her inner chamber and beheld her perfect mechanism.

Gravitation, the great agent to which the Divine Architect entrusted the harmony and the stability of the universe, remained in obscurity. Nor did it receive of man due recognition, until 'Philosophy, soaring to her proudest heights, caught up the soul of Sir Isaac Newton,' and to him nature disclosed her master-wheel.

The force of gravitation is mighty; it is stupendous; it is universal. Its power is confined neither to terrestrial bodies nor to bodies celestial. Every atom of matter in the universe, from the tiniest mote dancing in the sunbeam, to the largest centre of the largest system, yields it perfect obedience.

Gravitation chains all earthly bodies to their mother earth; makes the rain descend upon nature's tired and dusty head; causes the river to pursue its onward course to the rolling sea; and restrains the wild and tempestuous ocean within its appointed bounds.

Such are a few illustrations of the obedience of matter to this wonderful force.

In like manner there exists in the world of mind, a silent and unseen force, by which men are universally influenced. Upon it, all progress in the social, intellectual, political and moral worlds is directly based, and by it the entire world of mind is bound together.

And what is this force but gravitation?

There are in man's nature the germs of much that is great, much that is good, and much that is truly sublime, for the development of which he is not only provided with the great book of nature; but this powerful attractive force awakens within him a love for the persual of its pages—the solving of its mysteries.

Social gravitation, or the attraction which underlies and holds society together, is unlimited in its power. There are numberless bonds of union, and sources of sympathy, which attract and bind man to man, and nation to nation.

When God first called matter into existence, even the countless atoms spread throughout space, feeling that "it was not

good to be alone," sought companionship.

In the intellectual world we find that through all ages, it was this, which far back in the misty realms of time, first induced man to attempt to solve the mysteries with which his life was densely enshrouded. It was through its influence that the 'great world went spinning through the ringing grooves of change.' Nature generously revealed her secrets one by one to her laboring sons; the march of intellect continued, and with waving banners it still advances.

Men are created with different tastes and aptitudes; so that their combined labors may bring to light the lost members of Truth, whom Milton, in his sublime figure, represents as having been hewn into pieces and scattered throughout the universe.

As in the immensity of space there are countless systems which are upheld, illumined and energized by their respective central bodies, so in the world of mind there are numberless objects and pursuits which constitute the centres of attraction for man, about each of which is gathered a band of admirers and workers. These toilers, bound together by a common sympathy, upheld by the attraction exerted upon them by their common centre of aspiration, find their minds illumined and energized by the glorious light of truth.

Life's great army of truth-seekers seem to diverge widely in their sympathies and work. Some go down into the bowels of the earth, others into the depths of the ocean. Some walk among the flowery fields, and others explore the star-bedecked heavens. Yet truth is the common centre to which all are attracted. They are merely being drawn thither through different paths, which finally terminate in Him who said "I am the truth."

We see here and there along the track of history, a great and brilliant mind, standing forth in striking contrast to the masses about it, like a lofty mountain towering above the surrounding hills and valleys. Such were Phidias, Homer, Newton and Shakespeare, and these are the minds which attract the multitudes and lead them step by step into the shady recesses of thought "which give the soul sweet sense of large room."

Man is irresistibly attracted by the peerless beauty of nature. He cannot resist her flowers, and birds, and dancing brooks, her winding vales, and verdant plains. He gazes with rapture upon her rolling seas and everlasting hills, for his soul "looks through nature, up to nature's God."

Upon this same force of gravitation depends the strength of the political world.

Every form of government has its peculiar centres of interest, and of motive, to which the national mind is drawn. In our happy democracy, the idea of individual liberty is a common centre which radiates peace and prosperity.

Unity of language forms another centre of incalculable importance. Wherever this exists there must be a national strength and solidity. Diversity of language occasions national weakness.

In the moral world this same attracting force is absolutely essential. The Prince of Peace said unto man, "And I, if I be lifted up from earth, will draw all men unto me," and here we have a centre embodying the most superlative loveliness, unequaled majesty and unfathomable wisdom, which attracts the spiritual man, tending to bring him to the perfection of moral culture.

Terrestrial forces chain man to the earth, but when the "Angel Death" shall have set the pure spirit free from its prison of clay, then will it be drawn to the Almighty Centre. The progress in love, and truth, and purity, begun below, shall never cease, and all mysteries shall glow with supernal light.

Throughout the endless cycles of Eternity, Heaven's fair inhabitants like glorious stars shall revolve about the Sun of Righteousness in the most sublime harmony. One song, one force, and one centre forever.

A STRAY THOUGHT.

IDA F. KINSEY.

The light grows dimmer and throws a grey mantle over the silent woods and hills that stand like sentinels around the crumbling ruins of a palace; and as I look on the picture, it reminds me of the human life. The ruined palace seems a being made grand and beautiful by the will of God; and the life that moved within its walls, I liken to the heart, beating with alternate joy and grief. The deeds that have been done within, are like the passions of that heart, going up before our Maker to be judged. Good and evil men have passed at will through its iron gates just as careless words pass from the lips of the impetuous, and take their winding way through the world with their several influences, for better or worse.

But the march of death cannot be delayed. He turns neither to the right nor left, to make allowance for the rich or beautiful. All, sooner or later, must come under his dark banner, and so the life within the palace was hushed. The gates were closed, and now the castle is deserted; while the stones that formed the towers, rising proudly toward the sky, are rapidly crumbling and falling to the earth from whence they were raised.

Yet the moss and the vine cling lovingly to the stones, like tender memories to the dead; and as the vines festoon and hide the rough stones, so we, when God takes one of our number, hide their faults with their virtues.

The editors would be gratified to receive at the High School building any back numbers of the ANNUAL, from its first publication in 1857 to the year 1869.

SKILL.

BY C. E. CRAVEN.

Skill, in the special calling to which a man may devote his attention, may safely be regarded as one of the most useful and necessary of qualities. Without it, life is almost useless. Men unskilled in their occupations, are looked down upon—the driftwood of humanity; while those who have attained to skill in their various occupations, are respected—lights are they, dispelling the darkness of discouragement, and cheering and guiding others to positions similar to those occupied by themselves.

Skill is the result of unceasing and untiring labor and thought, for which reason, it is much less easily acquired than most other qualities, but, when once acquired, it fully repays those who have exerted themselves to possess it, for it leads directly and surely to the highest object of the most aspiring ambition.

Skill has been shown in all times, and in all places, and whenever and wherever it has existed, then and there most beneficial results have attended its presence. One of the men first mentioned in sacred history, Tubal Cain, is spoken of as having been skilled in the use of brass and iron, and, doubtless, his skill in these respects was productive of great good, as, judging from our own times, we know that articles of brass and iron rank among the most important in respect to utility. In the time of David and Solomon, the skill displayed by workmen of various kinds, was perfectly marvellous, and among the ancient Greeks and Romans, what but most wonderful skill raised Epaminondas, Pericles, Phidias, Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar, and hundred of others, warriors, statesmen, orators and artists, to their high positions of power, responsibility, influence and respect? And previous to the existence of any of these, the mighty Egyptians displayed wonderful skill in architecture and the other fine arts. In each of these instances, the skill displayed has tended to refine and elevate humanity, and immense quantities of our knowledge can be traced back to nations, which, even now, centuries after they have ceased to exist, pour masses of enlivening and guiding light over the whole world; while nations, which have possessed men of little or no skill, have either faded out of the view and recollection of the world, or have only been kept in remembrance by the record of the misery and downfall necessarily proceeding from want of this exceedingly important quality.

Perceiving from the foregoing, the ruin and destruction produced by the lack of skill, and the eminence and distinction attendant upon its possession, how exceedingly careful should we be, to perfect ourselves in the pursuits which we follow, thus procuring skill, and, through it, not only earthly dis-

tinction, which lasts but for a comparatively short time, but also that sure and everlasting reward, which is promised to the faithful servant who shall increase his talent. And in order to perfect our gifts, how careful should we be, in the selection of our employments for life, to choose those for which we are naturally fitted, for it is utterly impossible for a man, whose powers and faculties were shaped by Providence for the pursuit of a profession, to become skillful in a trade. Frequently men have been engaged in manual labor, who have possessed abilities sufficient to render them skillful professional men, in which capacity their influence for good might have been ten-fold that which they could exercise in avocations for which they were unqualified, and in which they could reach no degree of skill or excellence. Much more frequent are cases in which men have dragged along miserably and worthlessly in professions, when their time would have been employed to infinitely greater advantage, blowing the blacksmith's bellows, and working manfully at the forge.

PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

BY CHAS. E. S. THORN.

The centenary of the American Union is near at hand. One hundred years ago the foundation of this vast structure was laid by the hands and cemented with the blood of our forefathers. By their heroism in the Revolutionary War, they bequeathed us our glorious heritage—Liberty—and we do well to honor their names by celebrating the works they did. No revolutionists ever did their work with more conscientiousness or with a fuller persuasion of the rightfulness of their actions.

We then entered upon a republican system of government, an untried experiment, without wealth or power, or the ability to advance, except by indomitable energy and perseverance. What a wondrous change America has undergone in a century's time, from absolute weakness to commanding strength. Mighty cities and flourishing towns, connected by bands of iron, are seen on every side. Our productions are displayed in every mart of the civilized world. Our flag is everywhere honored and respected, and to-day we are proud to call ourselves American citizens.

Equally remarkable has been the advance of science. America has given birth to some of the greatest men that the world has ever seen; men, whose names, as those of Franklin and Morse, are honored by the whole world. Colleges and halls of learning are scattered throughout the land, and education is spreading the lights of religion, morality and general culture into every cottage in this wide extent of our States and Territories.

Truly this is a period in our history for noble works, for monuments of benevolence

and wisdom; monuments that shall outlive the pyramids, and call down upon their founders the benediction of future generations. Thousands are laboring faithfully to improve the physical, the moral and the intellectual condition of the people.

Behold America as the asylum where the wretched and oppressed find a refuge. The words of Lafayette seem like prophecy when he said, "This immense temple of Freedom will ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and a sanctuary for the rights of mankind, and these United States will attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate their government." Many years have passed since these words were spoken, and this immense temple of Freedom still rears its dome before the world.

But our advance has not been unimpeded; from the founding of our government there have been two antagonistic principles contending for mastery—slavery and freedom. They so separated the interests and intensified the bitter feeling between the North and the South that war was inevitable. It came, and was terrible! But the national banner was majestically borne over the land, and peace and industry restored.

The founders of this great government have all gone to their long home, and it devolves upon us as a sacred trust to maintain the honor and the glory of our country. But as the energy of the American people in the past has done wonders, so we may confidently hope that their children will preserve its heritage—freedom in all its completeness.

WHAT WE DO NOT LIKE IN BOOKS.

BY ELSIE M. HARR.

As a general thing we do not care for much description of scenery. It seems very natural that a tête-à-tête between two young persons (not both ladies nor both gentlemen), should take place at some summer resort, down by the clear, cool water; but we do not care to have the scenery for miles around fully described, nor do we need to be told of the little birds hopping merrily from bough to bough, nor yet of the immense pine trees rising loftily to the heavens, till they seem to pierce the very skies; nor do we care to be told of the waters breaking playfully upon the shore, leaving their exquisite sea-weeds and mosses, which cause an exclamation of delight to break forth from the lips of the beautiful girl (always beautiful of course), sitting so near these rolling waves. All this we usually imagine, if we have any imagination at all. We are very apt to read this part of the story carelessly, or else skip it entirely, for we are so much more interested to know what transpires between the two individuals, that we care comparatively little for the description of the place where they may chance to be.

THE LAST OF THE GLADIATORS.

BY HERBERT C. ALDEN.

The Imperial Eagle of Rome had once more opened the path of victory for her legions. A hero worthy of the days gone by; a soldier of the iron mould of the ancient republic, had risen from the ashes of a fallen world—the brave, the glorious Stilicho. His armies had swept over the discordant hosts of thousands of barbarians. The hordes of Alaric were defeated on the same plains on which the Cimbric myriads had been driven with so vast a slaughter by the fierce generalship of Marius—the earth shook under the tramp of multitudes.

Once more the victorious legions enter the gates of Rome; the city that had frowned cold defiance on the camp of Hannibal—that re-echoed to the heavy tramp of Caesar's iron legions—and had beheld the scar-seamed veterans of Pompey laden with the spoils of fallen Asia.

But hark to the cry! "Onward! On to the Coliseum!" It was a wondrous sight; that vast building filled to overflowing with thousands and tens of thousands, tier upon tier filled to suffocation; but see, the gates of the arena are thrown open, and the Gladiators enter; first the blue-eyed Gauls, next the jet black Africans with gay-colored turban and white caftan, armed with the curved cimetar; their coal-black eyes and rolling eyeballs make them appear like beings from another world.

Twice the fated slaves marched around the hushed arena, turning their dim, despairing eyes as if to look for hope or mercy; but they found it not. Then they drew up opposite each the other in double line, the blue-eyed Gauls facing their swart antagonists, and now they hear the fell blast of the trumpet. No other sound is heard except the infuriated cries of the combatants or the groans of wounded, broken occasionally by the dull swish of the keen cimetar.

That night twice two thousands corpses are piled up in the dark and dismal arena. These were the last of their miserable race, and Rome never more was cursed by their presence.

BUILDERS.

BY HARRIET K. JENKINSON.

"All are architects of fate;" that is, you and I are daily placing blocks in the destiny of our lives. Some, the poet tells us, build with "massive deeds and great;" deeds which command the praise of the entire world; and again, others build with ornaments, simply to delight the eye.

The art of building seems universal; not only human beings, but birds and beasts build for themselves homes. Here, however, we find a distinguishing characteristic of hu-

man kind—man in his building is continually devising new forms and shapes, while birds and beasts follow instinctively the plan which seems so have been laid down for them in earliest ages.

How wonderfully beautiful are some of the structures of God's smallest creatures! The little coral insect, deep under the waves, is daily perfecting the beautiful coral branches, which may perhaps adorn the homes of men. It understands nothing of the marvellous beauty of the structure it builds. It dies, and the petrified body adds still more to the beautiful whole.

But there are other builders than those who construct homes for themselves. There are builders of that which is far more wonderful than coral reef or cathedral arch—builders of character; and in this work, in order that we may have a fair and perfect outline, in order that we may have a structure which shall successfully resist all the storms of life, no materials can be too good, no care too great.

We are so apt to hasten our work, to mar and deface, until little of the original plan remains. In haste we set in rough-hewn blocks, leaving gaps which mar the whole work. This then leads to the concealment, the covering over of imperfections with false ornaments.

Ruskin says, "We may not be able to command good or beautiful architecture, but we can command an honest architecture," and this is no less true of character-building than of any other.

In all our building, good and noble aspirations are the stepping-stones to the accomplishment of lofty desires. Truly has the poet told us—

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment."

What a satisfaction there is in well accomplished work! We little dream how poor work, failures and mistakes influence the work of those around us. One mistake may multiply to fifty, and the knowledge of this should help us to erect a building of noble proportions and perfect outline. Make of good principles and deeds the "firm and ample base" whereon our future building may rest. Thus may we hope one day to inhabit one of the "Many Mansions" the great Master Builder has gone to prepare.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY GERTIE F. ADAMS.

The ladies of the A. Class have not forgotten the Professor who filled the place of an absent teacher during the latter part of last year. This gentleman dropped down upon us one day from the hills of Vermont. His ardor and enthusiasm in the natural sciences were unbounded. We miss his friendly talks and dissertations on these topics, as well as the usual "shu, shu, shu, don't interrupt,"

and the oft-repeated assertion, "oh! the air is full of girls," the latter remark clearly showing the *Bent* on the Professor's mind. We hope he has not forgotten the "thirty geniuses" of '76, for whom he so often prophesied renown. We are all anxious to have him know that his prophecy is in the straight way of fulfillment; for we feel that it will be a great gratification to him, to know that true prophecy is added to his many other great mental achievements.

Query. At what point "in China" is the astronomical Nadir fixed?

We were informed that the gentlemen of the A class had intended to send certain members of their class, in a glass case, to the Centennial Exhibition, as representatives of the young men of 1876; but they have abandoned the project on the grounds that the reflection cast on the young men of 1776 might cause unpleasant feelings. Self-sacrificing spirit of '76!

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No. 6.

THANKS FOR THOUGHTS.

"Montagu Review."

Like tidal fetters, letting loose,
The oft-imprisoned waves
That flow in cleansing beauty through
The secret darksome caves;
So is it when our evil selves
Give up their long control,
And floods of clear and earnest thought
Come rolling o'er the soul.

We know not whence these pure sweet thoughts
Are brought into the mind;
It may be 'tis by presence near
Of unseen angel-kind.
For sure it seems we would be led
To think of purer things,
The while the air is heaven clear
With waving of their wings.

And yet there is a higher source;
Nor can we tell how much
Of noblest thought, has come direct
From God's own loving touch.
Oh! wondrous blessedness! that He
Should hold each soul so dear!
That He, the Universal God,
Should come to each so near!

We lack in words of sweet accord
Our grateful praise to tell,
But smallest deeds of love add tones
The harmony to swell.
And for our blessed heaven born thoughts,
Best songs of thanks we give,
When we take heed from day to day
That we more nobly live.

ANNE E. POULSSON.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 8, 1876.

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

PRIZE ORATION OF THE CLASS OF '76.

BY CYRUS E. V. POOL.

Development, wielded by the hand of an Omnipotent Creator, for the accomplishment of his purposes, is the all-powerful instrument of change.

Objects, material or spiritual, are subject to its influence,—the tiny gem, nursed in the bosom of the earth, and the grandest intellect that ever nature produced, alike feel the effects of its power, and, acting under its command, rise higher and higher, approaching nearer and nearer to perfection.

In the study of it, we see not only the physical and intellectual changes, but we are led to consider the motive power, the ruling hand, the Infinite Mind. It teaches us to "look through nature, up to nature's God," and we are lost in wonder in the contemplation of so sublime a being.

In mental capacities, man, individually presents fine opportunities for the study of development; but it is in man, taken collectively in nations, where it is most impressively displayed.

In all the intricate influences exerted by one individual upon another, a nation stands preëminent in the scale of development. Nations have risen from obscurity, to the mastership of the world. But, alas! How many, in assuming this position, have, like the scorpion, stung themselves to death.

There was a time when Greece was subject to foreign domination; a time when, weak and feeble, there was a struggle for mere existence; a time when she might have been easily crushed; but in the hearts of her people, there was the fire of energy, which needed but the occasion, to burst into a flame which should extend over the world; and the time came, when Greece sat upon her regal throne, and the world acknowledged her supremacy.

But her elevation was the precursor of her death. Revelling in luxury as the result of her power, she became less patriotic, and, as a natural consequence, became the subject of a stronger power; and Rome, risen from humility, now swayed the sceptre of empire. Victory after victory crowned her exertions, and the nations of the earth poured tribute unto her treasury. But, intoxicated by her conquests, and blinded by her power, she too fell—fell from the highest pinnacle of glory, to the lowest depths of degradation—fell with a crash which shook the globe.

Rome, once "Mistress of the World," now conquered by a band of half-civilized savages—civilization subjected to barbarism. But though she fell from her seat of power, though her authority was gone, yet the influence she had exerted, still lived, and was largely the moving power of the world. Nations profited by her weakness, and it served to spur them on to nobler exertions. Nations rise and fall, but though they sink into comparative oblivion, yet their actions exert an influence which shall continue forever.

Nations have sometimes given birth to other nations, which in their turn, rival their mother in power. Thus was it with England and America. England rose from barbarism, to the height of influence and power.

Through all the successive stages of her development, she was characterized by indomitable energy, and unequalled foresight and

perseverance. Her power became extended, and her ambition did not cease until she had planted a colony in the newly-discovered America—the El-Dorado of the Old World.

She was everywhere rewarded with success, and her colonies grew and flourished under her protecting care. Her word was law! But there was a weak point. She was too jealous of her power, and encroaching on colonial rights, she attempted to compel obedience. But a true nation will not submit to tyranny, and England made a grave mistake, when she supposed she could crush her American colonies. She found them invincible! "She had sown the seed of a nation, and that seed had been purified through hardships and trials; it possessed vitality, and began to germinate, and altogether it occupied years in coming to bud and blossom; it survived all the droughts and storms, and to-day, it shows the fruit of energy and perseverance. But though our past has been so brilliant, our future must not reflect discredit on the exertions of our forefathers.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

Mothers! you to whom is intrusted the early instruction of our youth,—is it not yours to instill into their young intellects, principles of morality and holy truth; to shape their plastic minds in the right mould? then when they reach years of manhood, although they may not shine with the glory of the "father of his country," yet their actions will not reflect discredit on their early training.

Fathers! you to whom the sons look up—is it not your province to set before them examples of integrity and uprightness, that they may be guided into the right paths?

Young men of to-day! you who are about to hold the reins of government—it is your duty to see that none but honest and honorable men hold offices in the land; and above all, to see that the blessed truths of the Bible are preserved to our Public Schools.

And young women! you have a position in this growth of the nation. Although you may not elect the officers, it is your greater privilege, to see that brothers, and those who are nearer than brothers, do uphold the truth.

The development of a nation depends upon personal exertion, and we all should see to it that our exertions are in the right direction.

With action such as this, we may well predict for our country a future more glorious than the past, and our "Centennials" will become monuments—ever increasing in number—of the development of our nation. Let other nations shout "*Vive L'Empereur!*" and "God save the Queen!" but be it ours to join with heart and voice in that harmonious strain, "Long live the Republic!"

TANTALUS' CUP.

BY KITTIE B. DAVIES.

In the mythical ages, it was decreed as a punishment to Tantalus, one who had displeased the gods, that after death, he should be a wanderer in the lower world, and that whatever he wished to obtain should recede on his approach.

If, with parched lips and burning tongue, he saw in the distance, a cool gliding stream, and hastened forward that he might quench his raging thirst, alas! when he reached the stream and stooped to drink, it shrank back as if it would not that its waters should be defiled by the touch of one so base.

If, after pursuing the phantom of clear shining water once again, like the weary desert traveler, he sought in despair the cool juicy fruit of the earth, in the hope that it might, in some slight degree, stay the fever that was consuming mind and body, just as he reached forth to pluck the fruit, even at the moment when his one desire appeared ready to be fulfilled, did it seem as if he heard the mocking laughter of the gods, as the branch was borne beyond his reach. Thus he was doomed to wander forever, having every wish or thought, whose fulfilment could give him the slightest pleasure, thwarted.

This thought is illustrated in what is called Tantalus' Cup. A siphon passes through the bottom of this cup, and in it the water, if poured in slowly, rises to the bend of the tube and then flows out until the cup is drained.

Does not the flowing of the water through this cup seem to illustrate the promised fulfilment and final disappointment of our plans, hopes and aims in life?

The blessings of God flow in upon us gently, lovingly, and we are happy. Then our plans and aims rise too high, we are not content with the slow in flowing, we must have more of the world's pleasures and riches; our desires grow until they can no longer be satisfied with what it is possible for us to have; we grasp after unattainable things, and for a little we seem to succeed, for the water rises to the very top of the tube; but alas! as soon as the top is

covered, then does the out-flowing begin; although the receding of the waters may not be more rapid than was the in-flowing, still from the very nature of things, it seems so to us. We see our pleasures, our joys, slipping from our grasp one by one, and we exert all our feeble strength to stop the out-flowing tide, but every effort is vain, and with despairing heart we see them all glide from us.

But not like Tantalus, have we offended a revengful God, and been placed beyond the reach of all forgiveness; he against whom we have sinned, is a merciful, long-suffering Father, and from our bitter disappointments we may learn the lesson, to so restrain our desires, that we may be happy in the blessings which he gives.

A DREAM.

BY MAY BEDELL.

"This is the stuff that dreams are made of."

It was a pleasant night in December that had been appointed by the Distrisyllabic Club for a sociable, to which they had invited their most intimate friends. This club was formed for the purpose of studying and criticising poetical composition; and their sociable was to be held in their club-room, in a building known as Rhetoric Hall.

The committee which had been chosen to make arrangements for the evening consisted of the most prominent members of the club; the Misses Trochee and Dactyl, Messrs. Iambus and Anapest.

The chief attraction of the evening was to be the rendering of the Opera of the *Aeneid* by members of the club. The *Aeneid* had been set to music after much labor and no little disputation, during which, Mr. Cæsura, one of the members, a very quiet man, had talked of nothing but inserting rests, insisting that the pauses made the beauty of the poem. The club, after much opposition, decided that Mr. Cæsura should have his way, and then things went on as smoothly as any one could desire.

On the evening of the sociable, the committee were the first to arrive. Miss Trochee, a gay young lady fond of sentimental poetry, came tripping in after Mr. Iambus, a young man who was the very picture of vigor and beauty.

"His form was fair,
His cheek was health,"

and he was a fitting escort for his charming companion. Soon after, Mr. Anapest, a young man of animated manners and forcible address, came humming the words, "From the plains, from the woodlands and groves, Hear the nightingales warble their loves."

The next arrivals were Miss Dactyl and Mr. Spondee. Miss Dactyl was a remarkably refined young lady, very sprightly in her movements, but so reserved and dignified that but few ever had the pleasure of

listening to her humorous conversation. "Cold is her heart, and as frozen as charity," was the verdict upon her by those who were debarred from her society. Her escort, Mr. Spondee, was long, long in every way; he had a long nose, long ears, and a long head, and was a very long man altogether. He always carried on his conversation in a drawling manner, as though never particularly interested in anything; yet he was an eminently social individual, and you could never, under any circumstances, find him alone.

After the arrival of the committee the rest of the company soon assembled. In one section of the room were heard the harmonious voices of the Rhyme family. There were good Rhymes, bad Rhymes, and all manner of Rhymes. Consonantibus Rhyme, a member of this family, a Frenchman, who was said to be very rich, was present, and received much attention.

Prominent among the guests was Mr. Stylus and his seven daughters; Purity, Propriety, Precision, Clearness, Strength, Harmony and Unity. Continually hovering around these young ladies was their cousin, Mr. Mannerism, always in conversation with one or the other of the sisters.

Amid the murmuring of many voices, Mr. Cæsura came to the front of the platform and requested that a pause be made in the conversation, as the Opera would at once begin. Immediately Mr. Spondee and Miss Dactyl came forth to sing the prelude, Mr. Hexameter beating time for them. "Arma virumque ca," began Miss Dactyl; "No Trojae qui," sang Mr. Spondee; "Primus," chimed in Miss Dactyl; "Ab oris," thundered Mr. Spondee; and so on to the grand finale, which consisted of a brilliant dance in which all joined, each having a peculiar step of his own.

Although there were so many different ways of dancing there was no confusion, but all seemed to move and mingle in perfect harmony.

Mr. Hexameter was just going across the room in six stately strides, when—I awoke. It was only a dream. I had fallen asleep over my Rhetoric.

MAN has poetry mixed with the prose of his every-day life which is oftentimes better than that on which he spends his time, labor and thought, and which finally becomes literature on which the giddy, thoughtless world may feast its imagination.

EMMA J. DEAN.

MAN believes that everything, sooner or later, must have an end. Although this is so in part, correctly speaking there is no end; every end is but a beginning. Death is not the end of man, but only the dark river that he must cross to reach the beautiful mansions that are promised to the faithful.

LILLIE ADAMS.

REST.

BY ANNIE L. TICHENOR.

Rest—the being free from whatever wearies or disturbs—there is joy in the very word. It seems to imply all that is peaceful and quiet—it is like the fragrance of a flower stealing over the wearied senses.

We have arrived at that season of the year when all nature seems to be at rest. The waters of the rill are quiet, and the mighty torrent is silenced by the icy hand of winter. The voices of the forest are stilled, and nature is enjoying its long night of repose, only to awake more beautiful and resplendent when spring shall come again.

Our Heavenly Father has in His infinite kindness set aside one day out of every seven as a day of rest, and He has commanded that we should "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." He knew how we would enjoy these little rests from the daily cares which vex us. With his far-seeing eye He saw how these blessed days would seem like flowers scattered over the prairie and like green oases in the desert. Have you ever thought how all-wise it was in the Creator to give us night, in which we may forget everything and lose ourselves in refreshing sleep?

Perhaps the first thought suggested by the word rest, is the ever-recurring need which every creature has of that which rest signifies. Even the smallest insect seems to require some cessation from its daily round of duties; as often as the body becomes fatigued, just so often does nature assert itself and call for rest. Rest is so great a requirement of nature, that sailors have been known to fall asleep on the gun-decks of their ships while in action. The French soldiers during the retreat from Moscow, fell asleep while on the march, and could only be aroused by the cry "The Cossacks are coming." Men being exhausted, have been known to sleep while on horse-back; and tortured persons are said to have slept while on the rack.

Rest does not simply imply inaction; Goethe has very truly said,

"Rest is not quitting this busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere."

One of the most pleasant and beneficial kinds of rest is that of the mind, while the body is in action. We all enjoy our vacations from study. We take great pleasure in roaming over the hills and through the wooded dells, examining and admiring the varied works of nature. Some times we rest beneath the bright autumn foliage and enjoy the songs of the harvesters, as they gather in the golden grain. All these experiences are like wild flowers in our pathway, and we should find many more opportunities for glad, cheerful, helpful rest, if we would only take them as they come, and let none slip by unimproved; for

"This life is not all sadness,
Its days are not all gloom;
There are many hours of gladness
'Twixt the cradle and the tomb."

There is no wave that rolleth
On the bosom of the lake,
But hath some white foam near it,
When it may chance to break."

The very idea of rest, implies as a matter of necessity, some previous action, exertion, something which has taxed and wearied either the mind or the body. Just as we could know nothing of the beauty of light, were there no shadow, so without exertion and weariness, the sweetness of rest would be unknown to us. If we have been laboring and have become wearied, the rest which comes after only seems the sweeter on account of our great fatigue. So if in our life work, we become fatigued in our appointed task, are we not assured that rest awaiteth us at the end of our pilgrimage?

In every stage of life, in childhood, in youth, in middle age, and in the autumn of old age, we need and have our periods of rest. Those which we now enjoy are only glimpses of that which is to come hereafter, only suggestions of that unalloyed rest which shall be lasting as eternity.

Life is like one grand piece of music with its rests here and there. There are the glad lively strains of joy and pleasure, and the sad refrains which are the echoes of sorrow. First come the joyous lively strains of childhood and youth: there are peaceful tones, sweet, gentle murmurs, like the rippling of a brook through the forest. Sunbeams of rest are scattered here and there, and once in a while the wild, tumultuous notes of the soul struggling against temptation. Then there is a lull in the storm, and the delightful rests occur again. Then follows the sadder more subdued strains of middle life, the period in which we generally encounter our greatest trials. The beautiful rests come in once in a while to make the harmony more complete. Then comes the grand final symphony of old age, which holds the audience waiting to hear still another note, and there the final rest. These last tones represent the winter of life, the drawing near to the tide which rolls between us and the Infinite. The final chord is the merging of a life well spent, the passage of the soul into that grand sweet rest which lasteth forever; for "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

POETRY.

BY AUGUST GIESE.

Poetry and music are the two arts that have the strongest influence over our characters, that enlarge our sympathies, stir the heart with benevolence and love, and unite man to man. They were cultivated thou-

sands of years ago; and the poetry of the ancients excels that of the present day.

Poetry tends to ennoble and refine us, having the same aim as Christianity, that is to spiritualize our natures and the love of it; like the love of all that is pure and noble, should be and is our talisman. The countries that are the most familiar with poetry, are nearly always the most civilized and learned.

By means of poetry, conquerors have often been checked in their ruthless careers, and almost all of the ancient nations had their poets, who, in the times of their countries' peril, aroused them to a sense of its danger, cheering and encouraging them in the struggle for their freedom and their homes. The so-called bards of England, by their poems inspired and warned the people against tyranny, and so, to a certain degree, have our own poets.

How grand is the mission of the poet! It is above all earthly glory; his is to banish vice and all bad passions, to purify our thoughts and to ennoble our feelings. It is his mission to restore our faith in mankind, to lift us above all that is ignoble and impure, to teach us to scorn evil and temptation, and to love all that is good and righteous.

There are many great men who have overcome all obstacles to perform the literary duties that their minds have set before them. They have toiled and struggled against all misfortunes, and have conquered in the end. Such men are truly noble, and though too few in number, their names will remain immortal to all who can appreciate such genius. Alexander Pope was one of these; even in his childhood his health was broken, and his bodily infirmities remained through life. But did he shirk from what he considered his duty? No, he worked on, and has produced some of the most pure and unblemished writings. Milton, whose eyesight failed him in the latter part of his life, did not give up his labors, and as if he had collected all his energy for a final effort, he produced his two immortal poems, "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise Regained."

It is a lamentable fact, that some of the greatest poets, during their life, were shunned, scorned and laughed at. It is hard to believe it, yet it is the sad and bitter truth. How cruel must the world have been not to appreciate their efforts. Posterity first appreciated their great talents, and they are kept in memory, and their names shall live forever. Is it not sad to think that we cannot recall all those cruel taunts they had to bear, and that the monuments now erected for them, cannot blot out the shameful treatment they received? Would they could know how their names are respected and honored here below; they might in some measure be reconciled for all their sufferings on earth. But who can say they do not?

"With equal pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace and the cottage gate."

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

EDITORS:

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CHARLES W. CONNELL, MARY I. LOMBARD.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 1, 1877.

EDITORIAL.

In pursuance of a long established custom, the pupils of the High School again send forth their Holiday greeting, through the pages of the "Annual."

At the close of each year, we almost unconsciously pause to consider the various events which have made up its history. Thus, taking a retrospective view of the past year, we can but admit that it has been an eventful one—one that will hold a prominent place in the history of the world.

Foremost in the ranks of great achievements stands our "Centennial Exhibition"—that wondrous collection of the productions of art, science and literature, which so fittingly illustrated, not only the development of our own nation, but the progress of civilization throughout the world. But, notwithstanding our advancement in science and invention, our country is to-day suffering great financial embarrassment; the nation not having yet recovered from the effects of the panic which so recently swept over us. In our gloom we will cling to our nation's motto, "In God we Trust," knowing that He who has led us so safely for one hundred years, will not forsake us in the future.

Though there is much to absorb our attention in the outside world, still we are not prevented thereby from noticing the changes that have taken place in our limited sphere of action—the High School. Our previously large number of pupils was greatly increased at the beginning of the present school year, so that we now suffer not only inconvenience, but annoyance, on account of our crowded condition. We earnestly hope that the Board of Education will speedily grant sufficient appropriations for the construction of a building of which the city of Newark may justly be proud, and one of suitable size and comfort for our successors.

At the beginning of this year a change was made in the names of the classes. In the place of the unmeaning appellations of "A," "B," "C," and "D," were substituted more appropriate titles, so that we are now known as "Seniors," "Juniors," "Second Year," and "First Year" students. Greek has been stricken from the list of studies in the Male Department, much to the regret of those wishing to prepare for college. In the Junior Class, Gilmore's Art of Expression has been provided to take the place of Greek. The young ladies of the

First Year Class now study English Analysis instead of Latin as heretofore.

The Junior young ladies, who never before have been numerous enough to form two classes, this year number over sixty, in consequence of which the class has been divided, and the new division placed under the charge of Miss Lena A. Bosworth; Miss Isadore M. Winans has been promoted to the charge of the "N" division of the Second Year young ladies.

The appointment of Mr. J. L. Heffron, to succeed Mr. C. L. Woodruff, who resigned last spring, has given entire and universal satisfaction. The vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. J. L. Johnson, is now filled by Mr. A. B. Griffen, a graduate of Rochester University; the ranks of the faculty of the Male Department have been reinforced by the appointment of a new assistant, Mr. R. C. Newton, a graduate of Harvard College.

At the end of each year, not knowing what the future has in store for us, we naturally resolve that we will endeavor to make the coming year a brighter and a more joyous one than that which is drawing to a close; not only for ourselves, but for all those with whom we may be thrown in contact; and, as a good precedent is worthy of being followed, let us resolve that our lives, in future, shall be far above what they have been in the past; and, having formed this resolution, let us be sure that our works show our sincerity.

POLITICAL.

America is destined to be always subject to great political excitements; and although we are not partial to a politician's life, yet we do not regret the above state of affairs.

The all-absorbing topic of the present time is the late presidential election. It now seems as though the question "Who is elected?" will never be satisfactorily answered. Though there will always be the doubting ones, we hope and believe that they will have the good sense to abide by the decision of those who have been chosen to declare the result. In Congress we may expect lively times during the winter, neither party having more than a bare working majority.

From the Old World we hear rumors of war, though we cannot tell when the decisive blow will come; but come it must, and delay is only adding to its force. Notwithstanding the fearful consequences which a war will occasion, we see on all sides a general impatience, a feeling among our countrymen, that a war in Europe will be for our benefit; will cause a revival of business, and will place us on a sure road to prosperity. But stop! Reflect! We have just passed through a terrible war; one which caused a fatal revival of business, as a result of which we are now suffering financial embarrassment. At the close of thi-

European war, we will be in just as bad if not a worse condition than now, for like causes produce like effects, and an unnatural demand will produce an unnatural supply, which at the end of the war, will glut our market and lower the prices at a ruinous rate. Practically this war may prove a transient benefit, but morally, that prosperity which is founded on the adversity of others, is not real. Let us hope, however, that when the dark clouds have passed away, the sun will again shine upon our country, and the world at large; for,

"O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
O'er the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a brighter, clearer morrow,
Springs a nobler, truer life."

OUR SOCIETIES.

THE MONTAGU ASSOCIATION.

1876! The Centennial of our Country and the Decennial of the Montagu Society! May we not take this as a sign that the growth and prosperity of the Society shall run parallel with that of the Republic? We think this is not too much to hope, and as if to encourage us in this idea the membership has this year reached one hundred; and so we "take it as a sign." But if we look away from the air-castle building for the future, we find that the "actual present" is filled not only with fair promises but with positive good. Not only is the membership large, but the members, are active and enthusiastic, and the weekly meetings interesting and profitable.

The "Anonymous Box" furnishes the Society with abundant criticisms, suggestions, and stray bits of information which are exceedingly valuable.

The initiation fees, monthly dues, and the proceeds of the annual public meetings are supplying the Society with the best of reading matter, and the shelves of its library are being filled with valuable books. Among the recent additions to the library we may mention the "Little Classics," "Milton Anthology," "Carlyle Anthology," "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe," Mrs. Whitney's "Sights and Insights;" and even "Helen's Babies" have found their way to its shelves. The members cannot forget a golden gift in the shape of an English sovereign which came to them not long ago from a former member of the Montagu; the name of the donor we are unable to give, but the gift has been transformed into three elegant volumes in green and gold, entitled "Half Hours with the Best Authors," and a hundred girls are day by day reaping the benefits of this kind remembrance.

In addition to the two hundred volumes in the library the members have also, for general information, "Youman's Popular Science Monthly," "Harper's Magazine," "Scribner's Monthly," "Appleton's Journal," "The Independent," and the "Semi-Weekly Tribune." It is also the Society's intention with the beginning of the new year to add to this list

of periodicals, "Appleton's Art Journal," and the "International Review."

Surely we are not too enthusiastic when we recognize in the "Montagu" one of the best friends, one of the greatest aids to the culture for which we are striving.

THE HESPERIAN.

This Society is still prospering under the plan of "self-government" commenced but two years ago, and which, this year, has been continued with increased popularity. Although the number of names on the roll is not much greater than last year, yet in the character of the exercises there is a marked improvement; but in no other manner is the Society's prosperity shown in a stronger light, than in the interest which each individual member feels in its welfare.

Up to the present time, the Society has had no library connected with it, but toward the close of the last school-year, a fund was appropriated for that purpose, and with this addition, the Society will be more than ever an aid and inestimable help to the scholars of the Senior and Junior Classes.

We wish it a prosperous future, and may it be an increasing means of usefulness—an aid to its members, and an honor to the School.

A CHRISTMAS ODE.

BY T. W. LAUTERBORN.

A Merry Christmas, joyful times,
To school-mates, one and all:
May Sante help me write these lines
And to his service call.
For merry Christmas now is here,
And warms each loving heart,
To sing his praises loud and clear
Around the blazing hearth.
O'er hill and stream and highland snow,
The merry chimneys are borne,
Till rich and poor, the high and low,
With gladness welcome morn.
The day has come, the joyful day,
That gave this world a king;
Oh! may we all, each in our way,
His name with praises ring.
The houses of the rich are filled
With children bright and gay,
Who little know or feel the chill
Of those across the way.
And when the sun beneath the sea,
Concealed its dazzling rays,
The costly presents on the tree,
Each one of them surveys.
They did not think, they did not care,
Of those across the way:
With noisy mirth they filled the air,
Because they were so gay.
The poor without, that bitter night,
Did rich folks never move;
They did not think that "God is might,"
And never would approve.
Thus every Christmas passes by,
The poor there are to feed;
But up in Heaven there is an eye,
Which marks each kindly deed.
Then let us now, dear school-mates all,
Divide our bounteous stores,
With those who do upon us call,
And open wide our doors.

CIRCLES.

PRIZE ESSAY, CLASS OF '76.

BY MINNIE L. LYON.

The circle is of all figures most beautiful. Its symmetry and completeness suggests thoughts of beauty and perfection, which lead us away from the finite to that which it symbolizes, the infinite.

Nature everywhere tells of the circle, from the beautiful line in which the sky descends to greet the earth, to the endless curves in leaf and flower, in ocean shell, and waving smoke. The round of sunrises and sunsets, of twilight and starlight, give us the days, and the revolving days make up the week. The months, in their turn, are but the embodiment of the circling weeks. The great full years with one hand grasp the months, and with the other, touch the unborn days.

And so, as the sunset of the year touching the sunrise of the day, bounds the circumference of nature's rounds, we learn that "there is no end, but every end is a beginning," that the finite is but a portion of the infinite.

To men, the home circle is more beautiful than all others. The literary, the scientific, and the social circles dwindle into insignificance, beside the one in which love forms the centre, and the blending of hopes, hearts and aims, the sacred circumference.

Our nation, for one hundred years, has been describing its circle. To-day we are proud of its expanse, as around the centre,—independence,—a circumference has been drawn, within whose enclosure the whole world is glad to step.

As circles are large or small, according to the amount of space which their circumferences enclose, so are men's minds considered broad or narrow, as the comprehensiveness of their intellects is far-reaching or limited.

Every man lives in a circle of his own, which is varying each day, either widening as his knowledge increases, or growing smaller as he allows the range of his thought to become contracted. Shakespeare's writings reveal the immensity of the circle in which mentally, he must have lived. Dryden says of him:

"But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

The circle of Milton's life seems almost boundless, so far-reaching was his imagination.

Our range of thought may seem small and limited; yet out of the world's fullness of knowledge, we may gather new ideas every day, and thus breaking away from old limitations, the circles of our learning may become greater and broader.

Our lives may be a series of circles. We may think we have drawn our bounding curves, when lo! a new thought looms up

before us, and what was the circumference, now gives centres for other circles. Emerson says, "There is no thought so sublime, but it may be trivial to-morrow, in the light of our thoughts" And again, "There is no outside, no enclosing wall, no circumference to us."

Some day, when we can no longer widen our earthly circles, while the world may consider them mere circlets, God will judge of them by their completeness. If the curves are even and true, if every point of the circumference is equally distant from, that is, equally near the centre, God will give to our lives, thus rounded out and complete, greater development in the life beyond, greater thoughts, which will serve as centres, around which circumferences may be drawn to infinity.

Every day we hear of men, who, tired of the hurry and bustle of the world, long again and again for the simplicity of their childhood. They forget, that as they walk life's broad circles, they are to gather knowledge and wisdom which shall teach them simplicity in its highest sense. It is the thought of a noted writer, that "the higher men rise, the simpler they become;" and a wiser than man has said, "Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Little children in their play, as they join hand with hand, joyously dancing around the chosen one in their centre, ever ready to enlarge their circle for each new comer, beautifully typify the most perfect human life. For that life is most perfect in which men, dropping all discord and contentions, in a touch that signifies unity of heart, thought and aspiration, join their hands around the centre of centres—God.

As we assembled in September, to commence another year of study, we saw many familiar faces, and were glad to find so few wanting. But among the friends we missed was one in particular, Mr J. L. Johnson, Professor of Mathematics, whose hearty grasp and cheerful voice always welcomed and encouraged us.

Mr. Johnson is a man of sterling integrity, great executive abilities, and a gentleman. He labored hard for the benefit of his pupils and for the good of the school generally. He has left the city and adopted the profession of Law; but although he is not with us in person, he will always occupy a prominent place in the hearts of the scholars.

"Such was his worth, our loss is such,
We cannot love too well, or grieve too much."

C. L. DOUGHERTY.

It has been three years since death has entered our midst; but in October one of our school-mates, Jennie Church, who entered our school in September last, was called up to that Higher School, where "we shall know as we are known."

TREASURES FOUND IN SCAVENGER BOXES.

BY IDA F. KINSEY.

There is no one on our streets more jeered at than those miserable persons, who, with the emblem of their profession, a hooked stick, search perseveringly our refuse boxes. The terrible "small boy" laughs loudly and openly, and older people pass by with a look of compassion or contempt on their faces, for it is not a sightly heap, this one consisting of old food, rags and shoes, which others have thrown away as useless.

But truly royal treasures have been gathered from sources which promised no more. At just such a heap as this, the busy bee, whom it is impossible not to associate with cleanliness, reaps a rich harvest, finding sweets where others find but refuse; even from the worst of carrion securing reward for labor.

But revolting as the carrion, and poisonous as the gases that rise from it, we are constantly giving out the same poisonous carbonic acid from our lungs, and even this is turned to use. We enter a concert room. Some of the finest talent is engaged for us to-night. The song begins, filling the air with music and making every nook vibrate with melody; now rising, now falling, like waves on the beach; now the notes are deep, rich, and wondrously sweet; now rising higher, gaining in strength and sweetness and thrilling us like the joyous notes of a bird. Yet higher the notes rise, until they seem to find an echo in the songs of the angels; but again they fall, down, down, sadly and mournfully, like the wail of a soul that has knocked at the gates of pearl but has not found admittance. Again the song is joyous, rippling, and dancing, and sparkling like a brook in the sunlight, and then, with a burst of glory such as the sun throws back, the song is finished.

The breath expelled from the lungs as refuse matter, poisonous to the body, required only a skillful use of the vocal chords to give us this rich treasure of song.

But this refuse breath is of still further use. We open the window and away it flies to the plants, for to them it is life-giving. It forms itself into delicate blossoms of the fuchsia, the graceful bells of the modest white lily, and the glossy petals of the rose. In the fields we find it transformed into the daisy and the yellow butter-cup, and in the wood it assumes the form of the delicate fern and the blue wood-violet. Indeed, this vile gas is the origin of all those beautiful features with which nature smiles upon the world.

Again and again we find treasures under a rough exterior. In California we are shown a handful of what appears to be common soil, but when washed it discloses gold. The diamond when found is encased in a hard

earthy coating, which is broken in search of the gem; but even then it does not disclose its beauty, but appears like a piece of ground glass, until it returns from the hands of the skillful diamond cutter.

We have all seen and admired the beautiful aniline dyes, with their brilliant and lasting colors; the brilliant blue reminding us of the open sea, and the deep green of the pleasant shades of the forest; the rich purple and yellow, true royal colors, and the red suggestive of fireside warmth and comfort; but we may not all have known that these gorgeous colors are made from the refuse left after making coal gas.

Often and often the roughest exterior covers a gem of rarest beauty or of highest use; within the rough shell of the pearl oyster lies the purest of gems, and under a thread-bare coat wisdom is often found.

Over many of her most precious gifts nature has thrown a veil devoid of beauty, and under it these treasures are unappreciated and trampled under foot. Patiently they wait under their homely covering until the moment comes when they spring into light, dazzling the world with their fresh beauty.

BLOTS.

BY JULIA A. NICHOLS.

Before me lies an open copy-book. At the top of its once pure and glossy pages, is a printed copy. A child's hand, a careless little hand, slowly guiding a pen over the paper, trying to imitate the line above, has made an ugly blot upon the page, and left the whole disfigured.

Had the most elegant penman written there instead of the child, and the blot been made just the same, the page would have been spoiled.

In winter, when the carpet of glistening snow is spread over the earth, we can most easily discover blots and blemishes; for men trample the delicate crystals under foot until we can hardly realize that the mud-stained covering was once white and spotless.

But the ugliest blots are those which wrong doing leaves upon the lives of men.

A man's faults, among which are idleness, selfishness and profanity, are all blots on his character.

Intemperance is one of the most unsightly blots on the face of our land.

The women of our country are now trying to check this great evil; and slowly, but surely are succeeding, where the men have failed.

If the young ladies do not wish to visit the various saloons of our cities, they may, at least, banish wine from their tables on the first day of the year, when all should make good resolutions.

If they did cease to offer the poison to their friends, there would be a decrease in

the number of our jail occupants through the year, and thus one page of our nation's record would be less blotted and disfigured.

The world was created fair and beautiful, but the first man, by his sin, made a blot on the page which was never erased until "God sent His only begotten son into the world, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We may erase the blots on our various copy-books, but we cannot help seeing that they have been there. The page never looks as perfect as at first. The blots on our characters—our sins—we cannot erase.

The blood of Christ *only* can do this perfectly; and Christ alone is able to present us before God "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

BY IDA J. MORRISON.

They were two little girls, I heard saying "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, And I'll give you something to make you wise."

The one addressed did not hesitate a moment, but did as she was requested, with so much faith and confidence expressed on her face, that it would have seemed quite heartless to disappoint that expectant look. What she received was something good, as she looked as if she thought it was just what it should be.

This little incident made me think, that in childhood we almost always believe that things are just what they should be. We have faith in all around us, and never think that the world is half as artful as in adult life we find it to be.

Childhood to me seems as sweet, and pure and trustful, as the opening bud in the spring time. The bud, as it grows day by day, does not question, "Had I better grow? If I do, perhaps cold winds and hard rains will come; then what shall I do?" but grows on and opens farther each day, that it may drink in the sparkling dews, soft rains and gentle sunshine, which the good God has sent it. Thus it grows and expands and soon becomes a beautiful blossom.

The child, like the bud, grows and develops as the days pass on, but she has lost some of the graces of childhood, much of the sweet simplicity which was so admirable in her, is gone, and she does not trust every one she used to. She has learned that she cannot go through the world, opening her mouth and shutting her eyes, for sometimes she would be filled with very bitter things.

But though the world may seem to us very deceitful, at times, and we may feel that we cannot have faith in any human being, there is One above and over all, who can be trusted by any one, from childhood to old age. When He says to us, "Open your mouth and I will fill it," we may be sure that He will give us only that which is best.

NATURE AND ART.

BY H. B. WAGONER.

These two agents, the one relating to life, the other to its comforts, conveniences and luxuries, widely differ. Nature as the producer of the means employed by art, is, of course, the most important; but art should not for this reason be despised. Both are greatly useful in their proper spheres, but nature is the most needful and in some cases the better of the two. For nature is able to produce results unattainable by art, and the same to a degree is true of art in respect to nature.

In illustration of the first point, let us take the process of germination, seemingly very simple, but altogether unattainable by art, for all that art is able to do towards this process is to place the seed in such a position that nature may perform her part. In illustration of the second, art is able to build railroads and steamboats, results entirely out of the reach of nature, although it is she who furnishes the material.

Nature and art are often very beneficial when used together, so that in manufactures nature and art go hand in hand, each doing its own part and each assisting the other. Nature, though often slower than art, is the surer of the two; she is all the more intricate, it being a part of the business of art to study nature. Many of the operations of the latter are performed secretly and out of sight, while most of the operations of art are performed openly and are understood.

Nature is the creation of God, and is proportionally more beautiful and wonderful; while art, being the creation of man, is not as wonderful, although still very interesting, and both should teach us to direct our attention to the study of the beauties and wonders which surround us on all sides.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY IDA A. BROWN.

It is truly a grave thought that each one, however insignificant, exerts an influence, almost imperceptible in some cases, more evident in others, but always for good or evil.

We can hardly appreciate the power of the wordless language of actions, the network of silent influences, acting and re-acting among us; and the fact that we may be unconsciously helping to mould the destiny of another, shows with what jealous care we should guard our actions.

It is impossible for us to know what is passing in the minds of those with whom we are associated, and of course we can not tell what impression our actions may produce; and thus, though innocent of evil intention, we may exert a bad influence. Perhaps some friend or acquaintance has been led into error by false friends. We

may, by an unjudicious manifestation of that coldness which we feel his action deserves, instead of making him feel his wrong conduct, drive him into the very companionship from which we would have him withdrawn.

Thoughtlessness is a very fertile soil for misconceptions and unintentionally bad influence. No doubt, many of us have, by a thoughtless act, lost true friends, who might have exerted a good influence over our entire lives. Many whom we sought to benefit by our influence, have been driven from us with bitter feelings, through mere thoughtlessness on our part.

Books may be classed with silent workers, and they form a most powerful agent in the world. A person may be spoiled by reading light, ill-written and questionable literature, while on the other hand a really good book is fruitful in wholesome influences.

In conclusion, I would say that as we cannot always judge what influence our conduct may exert, nor how wide-spread that influence may be, it is our duty not only to govern our conduct in relation to the wilful wrong we may inflict upon others, but with reference to that which may result from our example.

MEMORY.

BY KATIE MORE.

Webster defines memory as "The faculty of the mind by which it retains the knowledge of previous thoughts or events;" and how thankful we should be that this faculty has been given to the mind. What a dreary world this would be to some if it were not for memory! Their present lives may be those of care and sadness, still, by the aid of this friend, they are enabled to live again that portion of their lives that was the most happy and joyous.

Memory is one of our best friends, rejoicing when we rejoice, and grieving when we are sad. The poet Rogers calls memory the sister of solitude, and how appropriately. It is when we are alone that memory generally exerts her most powerful sway; at some times, bringing before our minds the events of years ago, and again recalling those which happened a few days since.

Memory has its pleasures and its sorrows. With what gratification do we go back to the years of our childhood; although our hair may be gray, our sight dim, and we may be feeble with age, yet, under memory's power we are again young, as the sports and games of our youth return to us one by one; the faces of youthful companions revisit us, the intervening years are forgotten, and we imagine that we are again children. Soon reality makes known her presence, calling us back to this life of care and action; but only for a time. As soon as opportunity affords we depart with memory on another tour.

It may seem strange to some that memory

should ever bring sadness; but nearly all of us have in our lives performed actions which we afterward regret. As these misdeeds are brought before us by memory, we feel almost angry that we allow ourselves to think of them; then, in order to break the unpleasant spell memory has cast about us, we engage in some active employment.

As our actions are the instruments upon which memory is dependent for its lights and shadows, we should be careful that our deeds are such as will render our memory of them pleasant.

We send forth our souls on the wings of day dreams to try and unlock the doors of the future, and although they cannot open its inner doors they may unlock the outer ones, and make us content to trust the future to our Maker.

CARRIE CORT.

ANY back numbers of the *Annual*, from its publication in 1857 to 1872, will be gratefully received by the editors, at the High School.

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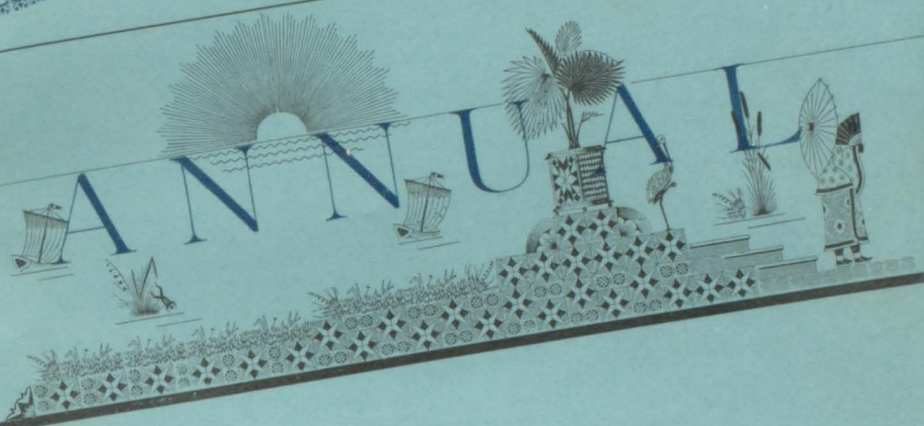
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1880.

THE HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL,

A SELECTION OF

ESSAYS AND ORATIONS ISSUED BY THE SCHOLARS

OF THE

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No. 1.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '80.

BRUNO HOOD.

LIZZIE K. GRAVES.

OBIE W. KITCHELL.

FLORENCE PATTON.

EDITORIAL.

AMONG the numerous gods which found their place in the Roman Pantheon, there is one whom we would draw forth from antiquity. It is Janus, the god who presided over the beginning of everything. He was regarded as the guardian deity of gates, and therefore is represented with a double head. For, said the ancients, every door looks two ways, to the entrance and to the exit; to the past and to the future, to that which to a large extent is known to us, and that which we are yet wholly to experience.

How fit a representation for this Christmas season is Janus. We may now consider ourselves at a door which will soon shut out from us the old year, with its weal and its woe;—the weal, the gradual increase of prosperity in God's most cherished land; the woe, the evil, which, as far as men know, all time bears in her bosom. Soon this door will open and spread out before us the mazy new year—the maze that conceals good and evil which we, with our short sight, cannot distinguish. But before this door closes, and forever shuts out from us the old year, let us in

this ANNUAL reflect the work and changes in the High School in the last year.

With the new year the High School will enter upon the twenty-sixth year of its existence. The building remains the same; none but those within it know the pressing need for larger accommodations. The course of instruction has been greatly improved. We have to record the introduction of three new studies: Drawing, which gives the young ladies and gentlemen an opportunity to evidence their skill by embellishing the blackboards with marvelous designs; Mental Arithmetic, from which we shall undoubtedly receive much benefit; and Physical Geography, which is the exclusive privilege of the Second Year Class. Another important change in the young ladies' department has been made so that now either a classical, scientific or commercial course of education may be pursued.

During the past year much esteemed teachers have left us: Miss Laura P. Hill, now Mrs. Hyatt; Miss Lena A. Bosworth, who has accepted a position in the Mt. Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio; and

Mr. J. Watson Smith, who has given up teaching as a vocation and entered into commercial life. Miss Allen fills Miss Hill's place as teacher of the Second Year Class; Miss Crane, the former teacher of the First Year Class, is now holding Miss Bosworth's position as a teacher of the Junior Class; and Mr. William A. Drake has been appointed teacher of Bookkeeping and Penmanship.

The life of the merry maidens, who daily flock to the classic halls of the High School, moves on smoothly with few occurrences of special importance to the world around. The familiar faces of the Class of '79 greet them no more as they wander through their spacious courts. The Junior, Second and First year classes of last year, have each advanced one grade, and the rooms of the First Year Class

have been filled with a new flock of tender lambs, eager to feed in the fertile fields of Ancient History and Latin Grammar. The older sheep amble along serenely under the watchful care of their several shepherds.

The boys, equally merry, if less lamb-like, undergo similar experiences as the maidens. Their course, too, moves on without a ripple under the guardianship of sterner, yet equally kind natures.

Thus, year by year, our *Alma Mater* unfolds her treasures to the eager minds of her children, and sends forth a little band, with at least a good foundation for the education of after life.

But the merry Christmas bells call us to our annual greeting, and with sincere earnestness we wish our readers a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Prize Oration of 1879.

THE JEW.

BY DAVID T. KLEIN.

MAN delights in antiquity—in viewing the past. He scans the pages of history to observe the course of human development—the progress of the world in civilization. While thus engaged, vast monuments loom up which have withstood the wrecks of time. Such a monument is the Jew.

To gather traditions of the Jew's existence, we have to trace him, through different stages of civilization, in every part of the habitable globe.

His history, which is a series of long persecutions and oppressions, has developed those national proclivities which

have occasioned his peculiar thoughts and his irreconcilable differences.

In mediæval times the Jew presents a picture of horror and gloom. "Circumscribed in his rights," driven from place to place, excluded from honorable occupation, degraded and kept in close quarters, the Ghettoes; "robbed by penurious and chivalric noblemen, butchered by fanatical religionists, tormented by ridicule, false accusations and attempts at conversion;" "looked upon as sacred, and held as contemptible, the chosen of God and yet the persecuted of man." Still as sons of one Father, this "obdurate and anom-

alous" people exist, scattered yet not separated. No human power has broken their solitary unity—the Jew is invincible—a phenomenon in the annals of mankind. Reconciled to humanity, he now climbs the long ladder of life, glorying in his present, hopeful of his future.

In religion, obedience to God has been his greatest law, as it was the foundation of his ancient government—the Theocracy—a government administered by man, but ordained by the Divine Being—a government of tutelage—a mean between the effete monarchies of the old world and the free republics of the new. Its laws, which form the foundation of one-half of all existing religions, aim at the moral perfection of the individual and the welfare of society; their elementary principles, "self-sanctification and brotherly love," are still and will ever be the chief elements of any government of the people. There is an entire blending of his religion and his government, for "his law was his religion, and his religion was his law." The Jew was compelled to be educated in his law—an institution peculiar to himself—and had man been more perfect, this government of the Jew, a combination of his civil and moral law, would undoubtedly have endured until the present time. The divine origin of his laws, their practicability and self-rejuvenating power, and, above all, the Jew's knowledge and attachment to the same, has undoubtedly aided the perpetuation of his race.

But the perpetuation of the Jewish character forms another interesting problem of inquiry. Jew in features, in mental characteristics, in customs, and above all in religion, he has always identified his interests with his country, and imbibed the spirit of the people with whom he associated; he has readily ac-

commodated himself to every soil, every climate, every grade of society, every form of government. In manners and customs he is oriental, being steadfast, grave, liberal—is shrewd in intellect. He does not look at the form, but at the soul. During his ancient days he was somewhat revengeful, but his revenge did not consist in the claim of a pound of flesh. This is a poet's fiction, who has turned against the Jew an old Italian anecdote.

History shows the Jew as an active agent in the intellectual developments of the world, notwithstanding his many persecutions. When unmolested he has lavished his stores of knowledge upon humanity and produced a galaxy of men who shine on the horizon of history as stars of the first magnitude. Teachers, who gather about them eager disciples; poets, who sung his joys and sorrows; historians, who recorded his sufferings and victories; philosophers, who pondered over metaphysics; statesmen, who deliberated on his civil formulas; and financiers, who wrought out his financial systems.

The Jew's literary works, which in his earlier days rose to great splendor, are characterized by Greek refinement and love of nature and of God. His language is intrinsically beautiful, and possesses elegance of expression, strength and conciseness. In the higher arts, especially music and poetry, the Jew manifests his genius, and with pride points to Mendelssohn and Heine. During late years he has taken an active interest in science, history and politics. He has an enthusiasm for whatever objects attracts his attention. "Obstinate Judaism," says a prominent German writer, "writhes and twists itself through all sorts of obstacles, and, whenever a new culture rises, it fastens upon it to suck up into itself its essence."

It is also interesting to note the Jew's progress in trade. First, a pastoral and nomadic; then a settled and agricultural, and finally an almost exclusively commercial people. During the Dark Ages, the branches of trade he entered into were those which, in case of an attack, he could easily concentrate and remove or conceal; hence he dealt in precious stones, money, and became the great banker of the world. While other countries were at war, he maintained traffic between them, largely increased his wealth, and otherwise bettered his condition. Although the Jew has energy and enterprise as a merchant, he has seldom taken kindly to the mechanical arts, his many persecutions probably preventing him from engaging in manual labor. If the Jew is close at a bargain, he carries out his contracts, inflicts no paupers upon the community, and is always ready with open hand to aid the needy of any race or creed.

But what of the present condition of the Jew—the Jew of the Nineteenth

Century? Is he still the same oppressed man of ancient days? No! for a new light has dawned upon him—persecution and intolerance has almost ceased to exist. He no longer exercises his law in darkness—no longer praises God in secret. He with joy beholds the closing of the vast chasm which has so long separated him from his fellow beings; he now honors the men of every religion who seek and love truth. He views the man, not his religion.

And so he shall pass on through history until truth shall have dominion over all, every country shall be a home for the free, every government a beacon light of liberty, and all mankind shall be brethren with equal rights and privileges; until every Gentile shall exclaim, as in Lessing's "Nathan the Wise:" "Nathan! Nathan! You are a Christian! A better Christian never was;" and his Jewish brother shall answer him: "Well for us! For what makes me Christian in your eyes, makes you in mine, Jew."

Prize Essay of 1879.

LEGENDS OF ARTHUR.

BY HANNAH M. COULT.

THE Greeks cherished legends of ancient heroic days, when Theseus and Perseus ruled in Greece, when Jason went on his perilous quest, and Achilles, "the divine," filled up the short measure of his days with glorious deeds. The Romans looked back fondly to stories of "pious Æneas," of the godlike Hector, and of the glories of ancient Troy, as the mother of mighty

Rome. We also are not without legends of heroes. For us, too, there are tales of an heroic age; not like those of the Romans, still less like those of the Greeks, no more resembling the classic fable than a Gothic cathedral the Parthenon. Clustering around the name of Arthur, they are a "chronicle and brief abstract" of the Middle Ages in which they grew.

They embody in themselves the heart and soul of chivalry.

Arthur, the noble king, the minstrels sang, held his "governance benign" over the British Island at the time when, along the northern coast of France, no part of the Liturgy was daily sent up to God with such fervor as the petition, "*A furore Normanorum, libera nos Domine.*" In twelve great battles Arthur taught the pagan to fear the banner of Christ; and he governed his land with justice, so that wrong hid itself in secret corners from the light of his laws. And of all things the king "loved chivalrie," and of all men he honored Launcelot of the Lake as the flower of chivalry. As Arthur is the type of the true king, so Launcelot was to the mediæval mind a picture of the loyal knight, "never yet o'ermatched of any man."

Forms of women, mingling with the knights, move through the legends. First of all, in beauty and in rank, the great Queen Guinevere, who, working with her "gentle lord," was to have had—

"Power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live;"

but, "to his height she would not,—or she could not climb."

By the side of the great queen stands one in whom are met mingled, sweetness and dignity, endurance and courage. "Next the queen in beauty," goes the record, richer in the treasures of a full woman's heart,—Enid, daughter of Yniol, helpful and loving daughter; Enid, wife of Geraint, strong and loving wife.

One more name added makes up the triad of noted women. Elaine, Lily of Astolat, the maiden half ethereal, floating away out of life before aught earthly had fastened itself to her virgin robes.

When Tennyson tells us the story of these three, he satisfies our finest ideal

imaginings. It is as if, in the dim, rich aisle of some old-time abbey, we stood before three pictures of three women, who had lived in ages past. On one side, mid flushes of crimson and depths of purple shade, a queen, "fairest of all flesh," whose restless, glowing beauty holds the eye a willing subject, and bends the knee in instinctive homage. On the other side, a face of "spirit, fire and dew," a child's face with a bewildered sadness upon it, a sorrow hardly comprehended, and but half a sorrow; and, looking through the eyes, a spirit so slightly bound to earth that the first harsh touch of grief must loose the fastening. Between these two, a noble lady, gentle and pure, eyes of sorrow displaced by joy; one to love, and in whose love to gain help and strength. And beneath the three pictures are written the names—Guinevere, Elaine, Enid.

Of all beauty the "beauty of holiness" is the highest. Thither must all fairness lead. The ancient bards crowned their tales of chivalry and glory with the story of the Holy Graal, a symbol, and a glorious one, the Holy Vessel. "Blood of God, visible expression of the love of Christ." To Launcelot it appeared, though far off and veiled; to Bohort, the good; to Percevale, the meek; to Galahad, the pure, the "just and faithful knight of God." By those only could it be seen with "clean hands and a pure heart."

Two influences, religion and patriotism, bind together the scattered fragments of these old legends. For the Celts, all of longing for independence, all of love of freedom, clung to the name of Arthur; for them he was not dead. Excalibur only rested, until he who was wont to wield it, coming back from the Vale of Avalon, should once more take it up and

lift his people from oppression and wrong. A glorious hope it was for the Celt. Arthur was the royal man. "From his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people." Strong to fight against evil, and wise "with the wisdom of love" to govern in peace. What wonder that the old bard, Merlin, sang: "My prophetic

soul foretells it, Like the dawn he will arise from his mysterious retreat?" Arthur is not dead; the man who can rule and dare not lie. Woe to the age that counts him dead. "Like the dawn he ariseth;" and the nations desire him "more than they that watch for the morning."

THE SEVEN SISTERS OF SONG-LAND.

BY EMMA SCHNEIDER. '80.

FAR, far away, in Fancy's distant realms,
Lies fair and bright the beauteous Isle of Song;
O'er which through summer suns and winter snows,
In sovereign sway, rule seven sisters fair.

This isle enchanted is, and though 'twould seem
That here in Song's fair land, nor storm nor cold
Should ever leave their marks on hill or dale,
Yet has the sun his yearly course pursuing
Seen clouds hang heavy o'er th' enchanted isle,
And heard the waves wild thunder at the shores.
And why is this? Because the sisters fair,
Who dwell on yonder hill, would have it so.
As children at their play grow weary, oft
Of the one toy, though pleasing in itself,
So to the mind a never ending spring
Would lose its charms; for every day would be
A repetition of the former one.

And so the seven sisters said, when they
Transported hither were, long years gone by,
"Let seasons ever change, moons wax and wane,
And storm and calm their frown or smile bestow,
That sometimes fair and bright our days may be,
And sometimes dark and gloomy, as on earth."
How then is it enchanted? Every one
Who setteth foot upon this fair domain
Sees with new eyes the beauties of the fields
And flowers and woods and waters. Nature speaks
To eye and list'ning ear with other notes
Than formerly. And winter with its snows
And blasts and barren woodlands, is replete
With beauties such as summer ne'er could give.
And e'en though dark and dreary be the day,
Yet still, in the enchanted isle, the eye
Sees something more than common eyes behold,
If but the hidden semblance which the day
To times in man's deep inward nature bears,
When all the light of joy and hope within
Is dimmed by clouds of grief.

On yonder hill
Which overlooks the heaving snow-crest waves,
The seven sisters dwell, most fair to see.
The eldest, Epopea, tall and dark,
With raven tresses from her calm brow caught
And held secure with band of purest pearls—
Those gems befitting dignity and grace.
Her stately form in flowing mantle clothed,
A garment royal. With majestic tread
She moves. And of the many pilgrims bold
Who daily walk the isle—the souls who seek
That which is beautiful and good—those come
To Epopea, whose delight it is
To hear rehearsed the wondrous deeds and great
Of heroes brave. For Epopea loves
To sing in measures full of harmony
The praises of some hero—his exploits
And all that him befell. And, if, sometimes
Than just the truth a little more she tells,
And weaves into her tale some fancies bright,
Which have in her own mind their origin,
For this we chide her not. For well we know
That this adds grace and beauty to her tale.

And those who for a thrilling story seek,
Are drawn to dark-eyed Drama, who relates
To them wild tales of horror. Yet sometimes
She wearies of this tragic mood and sings
A song brimful of mirth and harmless fun.
And oft she stories full of pathos tells,
Which draw from all who listen to her words
The tears of sympathy. Most beautiful
Withal, though sometimes awe inspiring, she.

Next Lyria is seen, with golden flute,
The fairest and the loveliest of all.
Her hair a mass of sunbeams and her eye

A bit of heaven's blue. Her skin like cloud
Of creamy white, and on her cheek the tint
Of blushing rosy dawn. With lightsome step
She trips along. She loves the mossy woods,
And as she passes by, the flowers look up
And smile and nod, while overhead the birds
Their love-songs chanting in their leafy bowers,
Sing sweetest songs of welcome to their loved
And loving mistress. She is often sought
By pilgrims to the isle. By those sometimes
Whose hearts of gladness and of joy are full,
Who find in her a loving, sweet response.
But oftentimes with bleeding hearts and worn
The weary ones come weeping to her feet,
Who, cheered and soothed with tender songs of hope,
And faith, and trust, go forth again with joy,
With hearts, by her caresses dear, renewed.
Thus Lyria, to all who seek, speaks words
Adapted to their feelings; and, tho' grief
Or joy prevail, with tend'rest sympathy.

There, peeping from behind the bushes tall,
Pastora stands, a nut-brown mountain maid;
Within her hand the shepherd's hooked staff.
She loves on mountain high and steep to roam,
And through the forest and by riverside.
And all who love the scenes of nature wild,
The rocky caverns and the waterfalls
Which rush from out the rugged mountain's side,

List to her song. In measures simply sweet,
She sings the rural scen'ry picturesque.

And there Elegia with mournful smile,
And slow, sad step, is seen; her garb of gray
Beseeching well her mien so sorrowful.
She chants the dirges for departed souls.
And those whose hearts bereavement has made sore,
Love well her sad and mournful strain to hear.

And now are left but two, whose names bespeak
Their characters. Didactica, whose face
Is stern and grave. By those who wish to learn
She most is sought. Her mission is to teach.
Satiria, who tells with laughing scorn,
The weaknesses of all the human race,
And wrong reproves, with faithful heart and true.

These are the seven sisters; thus they dwell
In Song's enchanted land, in harmony
And concord. There they rule; and all may come
As pilgrims to the Isle. Its gates are open
For all to enter who may wish to tread
Its shores enchanted. Many have been there,
And many more will go; for all delight
To hear the sweet-voiced sisters, and to find
A respite from the toils and cares of earth;
And all return again with gladdened hearts
And purer souls. Long live the Land of Song!

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

BY H. S. SUTPHEN, '80.

TO US who are starting out in life perhaps the most important question that can be asked is "How can I make my life a success?" In order to answer this question let us inquire, What is success? and what elements of character have rendered the lives of others successful? In the general acceptance of the term, success in life is the accomplishment of that object for which we aim; it is the doing of that thing which we set out to do; the accomplishment of that purpose which we set out to perform.

Success is viewed very differently by different persons. To one it is the acquisition of wealth, to another the attainment of great learning, and to another it may be some important scientific investigation; but, be it what it may, there are certain elements of character which are essential to its attainment.

The mariner, as he sails out from port, must have some haven in view to which he steers his vessel; so he, who starts out on life's voyage, must keep in view the port to which he is bound. In other

words he must have a definite aim, a standard to be reached; and then, having before him the thing that he means to reach, he must pursue it, work for it, with a determination that knows no flinching.

Honesty is the foundation of all success, and it may be said to be the most essential part. Many men, who have started in the world with nothing but a firm reputation for honesty, have obtained the highest success that this world could give to them. Lincoln, the poor wood-chopper's son, commenced his life with nothing of this world's goods; but he had a strong principle of integrity, which led him through many temptations, over many obstacles, which other men of less firm principles have fallen into.

Perseverance stands out very prominently as an element of success. A man who will hold fast to a thing and never let go, may expect to prosper in any undertaking in which he may engage.

A man cannot make a success of anything if he is destitute of thoroughness. This is one of the chief foundation stones of the lives of successful men. He must perfectly master one thing before he undertakes another. If, when a mason begins to build a house, he should leave out a stone here and there, he would never get his house built until he began at the foundation to build aright, placing each stone in its right position. It is just the same in any undertaking. Things must be done in the right way and at the right time; for if the mason was required to have the house finished in a certain time, and needed all the time to do it, and should not begin to build the house until most of the time had passed, could he build it as it should be built? He could not.

Due consideration should also be given

to every undertaking before it is begun. It should be carefully thought over as to the best way of doing it. This makes a vast difference in the success of a man's life, and if one will only reason out the way a thing is to be done before he undertakes it, he will be more likely to succeed in the end than a man who rushes into an undertaking without a moment's thought.

A man must have moral stamina in order to obtain true success. It is a fact that men who are religious have the most successful lives. In ancient times, when man did not have the culture of our day, the people were very pious. It is related of Scipio Africanus that he never began a public undertaking before he had prayed in the temple of Jupiter.

In conclusion, it may be said that in order to attain success in life, a man must have honesty as the basis of a successful life. He must have perseverance in order to gain his end. He should give careful thought to an undertaking before he attempts it. He must have moral principle to have a life that is truly successful. But it must be remembered that a successful life does not altogether lay in the accumulation of money, or of any particular thing for our own good alone, but in having a life which will instruct and benefit others in the occupations in which they have engaged; and the man who does this in the highest and best way, lives one of the most successful lives that could be led.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

AIR CASTLES.

BY CLARA VALENTINE, '81.

Castle building is an art possessed only by a few. I have looked to the clouds for information, to the earth for the same purpose, and, now, Spirit of the Ideal, come to my aid. I feel that I am progressing—let me proceed.

"Pshaw!" said some one at my side, "What has all this to do with Air Castles?" I looked, and behold there was J. Frost, Esq. I am naturally a polite young lady, and so instead of saying "What do you know about it?" I simply looked at him. He, however, did not seem at all disconcerted by my silence, although I gave him three of my most impressive glances.

"You like Air Castles?" he asked, as if they were some particularly nice kind of cake. I told him I never tasted any. He looked almost sad, then said, "Come!" I went. Sailing far, far away in that vast immensity called the atmosphere, we soon arrived at our destination.

All around were large, round, bright objects, like soap bubbles, and asking what they were, was told "Air Castles."

"What will you see first?" said my friend.

I replied, "A model young gentleman."

J. Frost, Esq., looked at me severely. "Young lady, you think too much of model young gentlemen."

"J. Frost, Esq.," said I serenely, "I have yet to see one."

He shook his head disapprovingly, but went to the door of one of the castles and knocked. It opened, and there stood my model young gentleman. There was a sweet smile on his face. I like sweet smiles. His hair was a lovely brown, his teeth were as white as snow, the cut of his coat perfection, his hands encased in the finest of dark kids. J. Frost, Esq.,

took one of his hands and bit off a finger. "Chocolate!" said he. He cut off a piece of his coat. "Licorice! Have a bite?" I—I decline. Then he broke off a piece of his chin. "Vanilla! Ve-ry good." I could stand it no longer, and rushed to the rescue of my model young gentleman, but there was nothing left but his sweet smile. That smile haunts me still.

J. Frost, Esq., led me to the next Air Castle. In it was a book, with Physiology written on it in large letters. On the first page was a skeleton, which, when the book was opened, seemed to come out and gradually fill the whole castle. J. Frost, Esq., broke off a portion of its anatomy. "Have a radius?" I shook my head. "Some phalanges?" I shook it more emphatically. "A metacarpal? A maxillary?" I refused. J. Frost, Esq. looked very solemn. "It's cake, child; you'll never have another chance like this."

The chance, however, did not tempt me, so we proceeded to the next castle, at the door of which J. Frost, Esq., knocked and knocked, but received no answer.

"I guess X, Y and Z must be freezing themselves," said he at last. "They're ice cream, you know," he added in an explanatory tone, as he saw my look of amazement. "We study Algebra on an improved plan here. When our problems are right, we are allowed to eat our letters."

Just then a white mist filled the air, and J. Frost, Esq., pulled me hastily back, exclaiming "They've bursted themselves!"

But where am I? In my chair to be sure; and are my model young gentleman, my Physiology and my Algebra on an improved plan, naught but this? "O Jack Frost! How could you so deceive me?"

WRECKS.

BY G. HAMMELL, '83.

A WRECK is something utterly lost. A person sees in life, every day, wrecks of property, of manhood, of fortunes, and of hopes. These sights, to a thoughtful person, bring both sorrow and instruction.

We see a vessel start forth upon a voyage, but it never reaches its destination. We read of a wreck with sad faces, for we picture to ourselves those who were lost at sea. We think of the student, who left his home filled with ambition and joy, for he hoped to make for himself a name in the world. We think of the father, who left his wife and little ones, promising to return soon, and of those who watch and wait in vain for the traveler's return. We think of the many homes made desolate and the many hearts broken by wrecks at sea.

A man ponders long and patiently on a patent, which he has spent the best years of his life to perfect. Who can tell how he labors to accomplish his purpose, the promises that depend upon it, the riches

and comfort in case of success, and the poverty and disgrace if he fails?

I do not think we know of many cases in which hope is utterly lost, for in case of failure in one thing, the ambition generally centers upon another, and only when a man entirely loses hope, can he be said to be wrecked.

A young man lies dying of delirium tremens; no listening ear bends to catch the last, the dying words of the sufferer, no anxious friend is near him, but the sounds of life grow fainter and fainter until all is still. Whenever we compare the bloated face of this man with the bright, promising face of the boy of but ten years ago, we can hardly believe that it is the same, and that such a change could be brought about in that time. Can we not truly call this a wrecked manhood, a wrecked life. We read of shipwrecks, of wrecked fortunes, and of blasted hopes, but there is no wreck half so sad and bitter as the wreck of a human life.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.

BY LETTIE L. McDOWELL, '83.

ONE night I saw a ladder, the lower end of which rested upon the earth, while the other was lost in the clouds. Many boys and girls were thronging about its foot, all eager to begin the ascent.

The name of this ladder was Life; the first round of which was called Small Faults, the second Idleness, the third

Temptation, the fourth False Pride, the fifth Dissipation, the sixth Envy, the seventh Avarice, the eighth Dishonesty, the ninth Ungodliness, the tenth and last, Excelsior. Over this topmost round was suspended a jeweled crown and a pure white robe.

I watched the children as they com-

menced climbing. First pressed forward a boy with boastful words, who upon the first round slipped and fell, but, not discouraged, tried again, and this time reached the third round, Temptation, where he again fell, disappearing from my view.

His place was taken by a black-haired, dark-eyed girl, whose face expressed discontent. She ascended, but at the round of Envy, forgetting her mission, she stopped to look about her, and lament that she, like a few others, was not clad in velvet and adorned with gold, and in an unguarded moment, fell—never to rise.

Next appeared another boy, who with cautious steps began climbing, slowly passing over all obstacles; but at Avarice he lost his balance, and, in falling, grasped this round with both hands, and there clung tenaciously until death released him.

Thus they climbed and thus they fell; the boys at Temptation and Dissipation, the girls at False Pride and Envy.

Still I gazed. Now advanced one with a bright, frank face, whom I watched with much interest, as he firmly stepped upon the round of Small Faults, passing to Idleness, where he fain would have sat down and rested; but, overcoming this desire, he reached the round of Temptation. Here some companions called on him to tarry, but, heeding not their voices, he moved onward, hesitating only at the round Ungodliness, when, glancing upward, a glad light illumined his face, and stimulated with the hope of reward, he pressed forward and with a bound placed his foot upon the topmost round—Excelsior.

Immediately he was greeted with heavenly music, that echoed through the skies; the jeweled crown descended and rested upon his brow; the white robe was gathered about him by unseen hands, and there was heard a voice crying "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And I awoke, and 'twas but a dream.

THE BASKET OF TREASURES.

BY EMMA L. SCHAFER, '83.

IT was a cold, dark day in January, and the snow was falling fast. Although we had teased again and again, Grandma would not let us stir out of the house.

"Surely three sisters ought to find something pleasant to do," she replied when I complained.

But Elsie and Magdalen wanted to play house, and I felt much too old to amuse myself with such games, and refused to join them.

"Couldn't you just for a little while, to

please Grandma, dear?" the old lady kindly asked.

No, I didn't feel disposed to please anyone just then, and little Maggie, always ready to prevent trouble, cried: "Oh, Grandma, Grandma! 'The Basket of Treasures!' You promised to show it to us and tell us about it, you know."

Yes, Grandma knew, and soon after we were seated in her room, with the old hair trunk in the middle of the floor. How often we had longed just to take

one peep into this same mysterious trunk, but Grandma never would let us, and we had no idea what it contained. Very carefully from within Grandma lifted the precious basket, but we were not to see yet.

"Now, you shall guess what the treasures are," she said as she placed it on the floor.

Elsie guessed "gold," Maggie "flowers," and I—I said "diamonds."

Elsie burst out laughing. "The idea of that big basket full of diamonds."

"Yes, and the idea of its being full of gold, or of flowers," I retorted.

"I didn't know but she might have flowers in it; they'd be treasures to me more than diamonds," exclaimed Maggie, eager to defend her favorites.

"May is right," answered Grandma. She always called Magdalen, May, for her twin sister was called that, and Maggie was named for her. "May is right, and Elsie and Emma both have guessed correctly too; I have all three in my basket."

"What, gold and diamonds and flowers!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes, and many other things besides," and she began slowly to unfasten the cover.

It seemed as if she were trying to get us as excited as possible before allaying our curiosity.

We had coaxed so often for a look at what Grandma called her "Basket of Treasures," but always before she had said: "No, not now; some other time you shall see, when I have time to make it interesting."

"Grandma, arn't you going to open it after all?" asked Elsie, after we had waited fully five minutes in silence.

Grandma smiled softly to herself, as though she were suddenly awaking from a pleasant dream, and lifted the cover.

"The dearest of all my treasures I keep on the top, and of this I think the most," she said, showing us an old fashioned leather case, in which was a merry laughing face, peeping from the circle of golden hair that surrounded it.

"Oh, that was you when you were a little girl! How lovely!" exclaimed Maggie.

"No, dear, no," she answered, "that is May, my own darling sister. See, this is Grandma, with the black hair," touching a spring in the same case, which revealed a face like the other one in every respect, except that the circle of hair was black instead of golden.

"Could you take off the glass and let me have Aunt May's hair in my hand, just for a minute—only to touch it, you know?" pleaded Maggie.

Elsie laughed, it was so babyish in Magdalen; but Grandma did not seem to think so, for she carefully removed the glass and placed the golden lock in Maggie's hand.

"Was she old—I mean a young lady, when she died?" asked Elsie.

"No, very young, only nineteen; but she suffered so very much that it made her look much older. I remember so well the night, when returning from prayer meeting, she fell on the ice and injured her hip."

"Does this picture look like her, Grandma?" "Did she wear her hair always in curls?" "Was she sick very long before she died?" were some of the questions we asked her.

"We had our pictures taken a few days before the accident, and every one said how perfect they were. May's hair was very beautiful; she always wore it in long ringlets below her waist; mine was straight and black, and I always wore it braided. People said had it not been for

the difference in our hair, we could scarcely have been told one from the other, so alike were we in all other respects. After her fall she suffered terribly for two short months, and then we laid her beneath the frozen earth. Do you wonder now that Grandma's face is so often dark and cross, since all the sunshine of her life went out with sister Magdalen?"

The very idea! Why we had *never in our lives* heard Grandma speak one cross word!

She carefully laid the pictures back, and showed us two tiny diamond rings, which were just alike, excepting the initials inside, saying, "On our eighteenth birthday, father gave May and me each one of these, and some time when I have left you, and other hands have taken my treasures from the basket, these rings will be given to May and Elsie. Because they were named for us, you know," she added, apologetically, to me.

"Why don't you wear yours, Grandma?" asked Maggie.

"I have never had it on since May's was laid aside," she softly replied.

"This, Emma," pointing to the one heavy gold band on her finger, "will be yours some day when I shall need it no longer."

In one corner of the basket were some of the flowers taken from Aunt May's coffin, and by them lay the dolls and other playthings Grandma and Aunt May had amused themselves with when children.

After telling us of the happy times they had had playing tea together in the woods, she gave a little old fashioned tea set into Elsie's keeping.

Finally she came to the bottom of the basket and we had seen all the rest of the treasures and heard very interesting stories about most of them.

"There! it has cleared off, and your brother is calling for you," Grandma said cheerfully, as if she thought she had kept us too quiet and sober for one afternoon.

After Elsie and Maggie had left the room, I watched while Grandma put back the things, and once more hid, from prying eyes, her "Basket of Treasures."

THE NECESSITY OF OBEDIENCE.

BY PAUL MORAN, '83.

THE steamer Arctic, of the Collins' line, was steaming slowly along in one of the dense fogs peculiar to Newfoundland. The sea was as smooth as glass; not a ripple was on the water, when suddenly out of the darkness a vessel came and struck the doomed Arctic amidships. As soon as the full extent of the disaster was realized the dastardly crew, instead of trying to save any of the passengers, immediately rushed to the boats and put off

from the sinking vessel, leaving the helpless passengers, a great many of whom were women and children, to their fate. The vessel floated four hours after she was struck. There was, however, one hero on board the vessel, who, even after the vessel began to sink, fired minute guns for help. The name of this hero was Holland.

An exactly opposite case was that of the English steamer Birkenhead, sailing

from England with recruits for the army at the Cape of Good Hope. This vessel, on the night of February 27th, 1852, off the coast of Morocco, struck a hidden rock, and immediately began to sink. There were on board four hundred and seventy-two men, mostly recruits, and one hundred and sixty-six women and children. The drums immediately beat to quarters, and the men, as they filed on deck, where part of them formed into a line and were ordered to load. The men perfectly understood what this order meant, and not one of them made an attempt to get into the boats until all the

women and children were safe. The boats then put off, and the captain foolishly gave the order: "Every man that can swim make for the boats." Said the lieutenant: "Any man who does so will be shot; for if you attempt this the boats will all be swamped," and not a man stirred. The vessel sank with all these gallant fellows on board, but the boats were saved. As the vessel sank the recruits elevated their guns and fired a farewell salute before sinking forever beneath the waves. This is an example of perfect obedience under the most trying circumstances.

BOOKS.

BY EDNA J. ROBERTSON, '82.

WHAT would the world be without books? There would be less knowledge than there is now, and to have none of the interesting story books, that furnish us so much entertainment, would make this a dull world indeed.

Some people like school books. I think such people must have lost a part of their common sense. I do not object to school books in the least, but I do not care particularly about studying them, unless they are such interesting ones as Algebra or Latin. If there is one thing more than another to be desired by us, it is a Latin book, and I hope we all appreciate it as we should.

Other people like novels. This is in very bad taste. Girls, never learn to read novels; or if you have learned, you should stop reading them immediately. They are the most harmless things in the world for some people, but for school girls they are altogether wrong. They take your attention from your studies; when you should be thinking about the origin

of free atmospheric electricity, you will find yourself wondering whether Lady Castlemere turns out to be the mother of the dead Count, or whether the dead Count and his cousin are married at last, and always after "live in peace."

Another thing that is wrong, is to read too much; it ruins your eyesight and necessitates your wearing spectacles. But you can never injure your eyesight studying; on the contrary, it strengthens the eyes. Cases are on record showing that near-sightedness has been entirely cured by the careful perusal of a volume of Cæsar closely printed in small type. But the records are so ancient as to make the accuracy of their statements somewhat doubtful.

Some of us like to dream of the time when we shall write books which shall startle the whole world with their wonderful revelations; but few of us carry out such plans, and most of us rest content with reading what others have written.

WINTER EVENINGS.

BY FRANK HOUGH, '82.

THE pleasantest part of a winter day is the evening. Then the bright warmth of the sitting-room, contrasted with the snowy exterior, sheds its cheering influence about, until a miniature paradise is realized.

When the evening meal is over, and the sitting-room made as inviting as possible, we may then gather around the red coal in the ancient grate and chat contentedly. Fireside topics are never wanting; yet we seldom dwell on the dull gossip of the outside world, for holiday time suggests holiday thoughts. We all have on hand our budgets of anecdotes and reminiscences of good things in the past.

At these fireside gatherings it is in place to bring out the obsolete furniture, grandmother's tea set and arm chair, the snuffers and tongs of candle and fireplace days; for with these the room is in accordance with the old-fashioned ghost stories which we so delight to hear.

Perfect contentment spreads her wings over the countenances of those who are sitting thus amid warm faces, encircled by beauteous companions and hearing the wild beating of the winter storm against the fast-closed windows.

"Beat on silly storm, your blinding flakes add fury to the tempest to unroof

us;" but no, the attempt is vain; we are secure. "You cannot enter here."

It is this sense of security that produces our blissful dreamings. The jest and merry laugh speaks of joyous hearts. Before us, as on a map, may be traced every true beauty and corner-stone of a home.

The ticking of the old, quaint time-piece on the high, old-fashioned mantel-piece; the gentle purring of the household cat, lazily reclining on the chosen lap; the glowing fire in the grate; all these lull us into dreams of happiness.

Yet on these very nights, when old Boreas is shrieking and thundering his withering blasts amid the drifting snow, and as we hear the crackling of the ghostly trees beneath his mighty breath, a shudder for others than ourselves creeps over us.

The sense of our own comfort too often hides the virtue of pity. But still the thought remains—its lingering shadow we cannot banish—as we think of the way this evening is spent by many, many others, whose only comfort is in the pale-faced company about them. The contrast brings compassion, and with good intentions our hearts raise a song of thanksgiving for the many blessings of which we are the recipients.

Messrs. John K. Gore, William L. Hazen and Hugo J. Walther, of the class of '79, are now attending Columbia College.

Among the marriage notices of our city papers we find the names of Miss Laura Van Court, of the class of '74, and Mr. Theo. C. Landmesser, of the class of '76.

LITTLE TEE WEE'S VOYAGE.

BY LILLIE PRICE, '82.

MEN have written of the voyages of Columbus, of Sir Francis Drake, and of many other noted navigators, filling large volumes with their narratives, yet no one has ever given an account of Tee Wee's remarkable voyage and fate, save Mother Goose, who has recorded the disaster in the following pathetic lines :

Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea,
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended—
My story's ended.

Evidently Mother Goose believed in brevity, but as the story of Tee Wee may serve as a warning to other voyagers in open boats, I will record it at length for their benefit.

Tee Wee was a very young man, and, some think, a very silly one. We shall see :

There was a certain very dangerous, but yet very beautiful sea, on which Tee Wee wished to sail. One day he was walking on the beach beside this sparkling water, and wishing himself on the dancing wavelets in one of the many boats which floated on the surface. While his mind was filled with this wishing and longing, he saw the boat which decided his fate. It was a slender, beautifully shaped barque, with a tapering mast and a silken sail; it was also exquisitely painted and gilded, and the seats were nicely cushioned with velvet. There it lay upon the beach, quite brilliant enough to dazzle a much more sensible person than Tee Wee. Alas for him! the glitter and splendor of the vessel blinded his reason; he determined to possess it at all

hazards, so, like the boy with the whistle, he paid all his money for it and entered the little craft, its proud possessor.

Now Tee Wee was a little conceited—most young men are—and he felt fully competent to manage his boat alone, so he loosened it from its moorings, and, seizing the carved ivory oars, bravely started out on the treacherous sea for the unknown beyond.

He would not have been so confident had he known then that his beautiful boat was a sham, that the painting and gilding were designed to hide the rottenness of the timbers, and the silken sail the worthlessness of the slender mast. No, he looked contemptuously at the plain, substantial boats around him, and gloried still more in his own gaudy affair. Poor, deluded Tee Wee!

Friends called to him from the shore, warning him of the frailty of his boat and advised him to return; but he laughed at their fears, for the sky was cloudless, the wind blew fresh, gently filling the purple sail, and the little waves carried him merrily outward. He saw no danger, and so he went on till the shore faded to a dim line, and the blue, blue water was everywhere around him. Gay boats passed him occasionally, but after a while this ceased, and he was alone.

And now, sad to relate, a storm arose on this beautiful sea. The clouds rolled up black and heavy, the wind blew a hurricane, and the angry waves tossed the boat like a feather. The first breaker snapped the ivory oars; the wind rent the sail and severed the mast, leaving Tee Wee helpless. Perhaps then, when his

fate stared him in the face, he remembered the warnings of his friends—when it was too late. That is often the way.

Mother Goose says, "The little boat bended," but it is probable that the dear old lady thought more of the rhyme than of the accuracy of the report. At all events, Tee Wee and his gay vessel were seen no more.

Many may think this an idle tale, and laugh at its simplicity. It is a fact that Tee Wee's voyage was very foolish, and yet a great many who laugh at it are in Tee Wee's very position themselves, sailing on a sea in an open boat.

I know of a treacherous sea called society. How many a Tee Wee has embarked in one of its gaudy boats, only to sink beneath its dark waters. We read in the papers of young clerks forging checks, of bank cashiers absconding with large sums of money, with which to buy their beautiful boats, or, perhaps, keep up false appearances; but justice, like the storm,

overtakes them, and down they go. Poor Tee Wees!

There is another sea on which these boats ride—in fact, they ride on almost every sea—but this has large numbers of Tee Weean navigators, who start out very gaily on their voyages. Many people make expeditions here in all kinds of boats, but among the staunch, weather-proof vessels you will catch sight of silly little sailors in their open barques, making a great show and glitter; but in the heavy storms which sometimes sweep over them they sink to rise no more. One particular storm that swamps many of these boats is called the examination. It causes great consternation among the sailors, though it tests their boats. Perhaps we know a little about this storm.

I might go on forever in this strain, but since I have told my tale, and shown that from a childish rhyme many a valuable lesson may be learned, I will say, with the famed Mother Goose, "My story's ended."

THE FALLING LEAF.

BY LYDA BLAUVELT, '81.

"How does a leaf fade? Grandly, magnificently, imperially, so that the glory of its coming is eclipsed by the glory of its departing. It goes to its burial, not mournfully, not reluctantly, but joyously, as to a festival. So the leaf fades—brilliantly, gorgeous, gay, rejoicing, as a bride adorned for the husband, as a king goes to his coronation."

I think Gail Hamilton must have been inspired when she wrote those lines, for a greater truth was never told. A falling leaf represents all that is beautiful, grace-

ful and perfect. It seems as though every color were represented. Some fall directly to the ground, others hesitatingly quiver for a moment in the air, as though afraid to descend from their lofty position to their poor, wrinkled companions below.

How eagerly we watch for the coming of the leaves in early spring, seeing first the tiny sprout, which gradually grows, increasing in size and beauty. How proudly they keep their places, bending to let the storm sweep over them, but straightening again when it is passed.

If we compare the life of a leaf with our own, how many similar points we find. A leaf, as it grows, gradually hardens, becomes stronger, and assumes a darker color. So it is with life. The education of the mind develops the powers, while the trials of childhood prepare us for the small greater ones to come. Character strengthens itself, becoming firmer as the years go by, and better able to resist the many temptations placed in our way. Our thoughts deepen, leading us to the higher attainments of life, till we stand in our prime, ready for the struggle with the world.

Life, in a leaf, as well as in other things, is uncertain. A leaf clinging to the

branch of a tree one moment may be cast to the ground the next. So we, holding fast by our own strength to the pleasures of this world, instead of the "Tree of Life," may be struck down by that greater strength which no power can resist.

Thus the budding of the leaves may be compared with infancy, the full-grown leaf with manhood, and its falling to decay represents death.

They prepare for death by robing themselves in beautiful colors, thus glorifying themselves and the God who made them. So we, all cleansed and purified by the blood of Jesus, clothed in robes of spotless white, glorifying God to the last, go to our coronation in Heaven.

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LIST OF PUPILS.

Senior Class.—Gentlemen.

Adams, John L.
Dodd, George W.
Farrell, S. Boardman
Froehlich, Isaac E.
Gleason, Nelson D.
Hayes, A. Wallace

Hood, Bruno
Kitchell, Obie W.
Lemon, George R.
Loewenstein, Emanuel
Newman, Emanuel D.

Palm, Robert
Simonson, George M.
Stringer, Richard
Sutphen, Herbert S.
Van Riper, Alfred J.

Senior Class.—Ladies.

Bailey, Lydia E.
Beaty, Bertha
Balevere, Kitty
Bennett, Laura J.
Bingham, Lizzie M.
Bowers, Sadie E.
Clark, Abbie L.
Doremus, Jessie K.
Dean, Lottie W.
Elston, Ella M.
Geers, Addie E.
Guerin, Laura E.
Graves, Lizzie K.
Hill, Laura E.
Holbrook, Carrie A.

Johnson, Carrie
Kitchell, Agnes
Kitchell, Lilie
Kinsey, Gussie
Lovatt, Hattie A.
Mains, Lizzie
Millen, Emma
Miller, Florence A.
Miller, Maud
Miller, Mattie
Merry, Julia M.
McKeon, Hattie E.
Morrison, Ida J.
Morris, Laura B.
Patton, Florence

Rodgers, Annie L.
Rarick, Dora B.
Russell, A. Eloise
Rigby, M. Evelyn
Skinner, M. Addie
Scheerer, A. Katie
Smith, Helen H.
Smith, Minnie E.
Schneider, Emma
Sargeant, Ada E.
Stickney, Ada
Seeley, Lillie E.
Sturgis, Emma M.
Stoll, Annie M.
Williams, Anna L.

Junior Class.—Gentlemen.

Barth, Max I.
Coursen, Herbert R.
Faitoute, Fred B.
Gwinnell, William B.
McKnight, George F.

Mertz, Alfred
Moore, William J.
Morningstern, William B.
Osborne, W. Harry

Scarlett, John B.
Shannon, William A.
Sutphen, George C.
Wagoner, Nathan B.

Junior Class.—N Division.—Ladies.

Allen, Clara
Baldwin, Jennie D.
Brown, Clara E.
Cornwell, Alice R.
DeVausney, Emma
Demarest, Hattie A.
Dawson, Nora A.
Dusenberry, Emily T.
Duncan, Nettie
Gwinnell, M. Emma

Haring, Frances M.
Maclay, Mary E.
Marsh, Jennie A.
Moore, Lizzie A.
McCall, Emma L.
Morehous, M. Anna
Martin, Lizzie P.
McGregor, Ada
Merry, Grace
Post, Ida M.

Parker, Belle
Pomeroy, Jennie T.
Reeve, Lizzie H.
Shipley, Susie
Stevens, Miriam
Smith, Lizzie B.
Van Wyck, Sarah
Valentine, Clara E.
Wilde, Lucille M.

Junior Class.—S Division.—Ladies.

Antz, Natalie
Armitage, Henrietta
Aschenbach, Minnie
Baldwin, Lillian
Billings, Marie A.
Blauvelt, Lyda
Burritt, Eva E.
Clark, Agnes
Crowell, Etta M.
Donnelly, Mary M.
Frazee, Edna M.
Glover, Flora B.

Halsey, Grace V.
Halstead, Louise M.
Herbst, Hattie
Horner, Maggie
Holland, Mary E.
Jennings, Eva A.
Manderschied, Emma
McCall, Floriana M.
Milligan, Irene
Morgan, Emma
Ott, Emma F.

Radcliffe, Lena
Rodgers, Josephine
Sayre, E. Louise
Schiener, Augusta
Scott, Emily A.
Starr, Olive
Thompson, Hattie
Watts, Emily L.
Webb, Lucy F.
Webner, Amilla
Willis, Anna I.

Second Year.—Gentlemen.

Alliston, Fred W.
Blake, Robert W.
Blanchard, M. Elvin
Bock, Frank
Cannon, Irving
Chatfield, Charles E.
Crane, Moses W., Jr.
Dandridge, Albert N.
Duym, William A.
Ennis, Edwin B.
Faber du Faur, Adolph
Fharsheim, Henry
Gillic, James A.
Gnichtel, Abraham
Graecen, Albert
Hampton, Edwin A.

Harlow, Frank A.
Holland, Fred W.
Hoppaugh, Andrew L.
Hopper, Thomas B.
Hough, Francis
Housel, Clarence M.
Hunt, John R.
Joy, Edmund S.
Kirk, William H.
Maclay, James
McNabb, William H.
Meeker, Henry G.
Mooney, Charles L.
Munsick, George W.
Ost, Henry
Pentz, William R.

Riley, George D.
Shurts, George B.
Sickels, Fred H.
Simonson, William A.
Sinnock, William D.
Smith, George A.
Speer, Fred W.
Stringer, John D.
Taylor, Arthur
Taylor, Henry, Jr.
Tichenor, William J.
Tucker, Benjamin W.
Tuttle, Edgar A., Jr.
Tuttle, Martin P.
Van Clief, Benjamin, Jr.
Wright, Charles W.

Second Year.—N Division.—Ladies.

Allen, Hattie C	Harris, Laura L.	Price, Lillie
Applegate, Mabel A.	Hoehnle, Bertha	Simonson, Sára D.
Bailey, Grace E.	Hopping, Susie C.	Smith, Charlotte M.
Bensen, Carrie S.	Joralemon, Ida G.	Smith, Ida E.
Benson, Katie	Kelly, Susie E.	Smyth, Florence
Bruen, Georgie	Koch, Lizzie	Trelease, May M. E.
Chambers, Hattie M.	Leary, Maggie A.	Tyler, Carrie E.
Clark, Laura A.	Leigh, Sara M.	Vreeland, Rosa
Covert, Agnes D.	MacLay, Annie	Walker, Lottie T.
Dana, Carrie R.	Moore, Elizabeth C.	Watson, May L.
Ely, Helen C.	Ober, Katie L.	Williams, Emma R.
Enders, Jennie V.	Osborne, Miriam	Williams, Alice J.
Foxcroft, Jennie B.	Parsons, Tillie E.	Williamson, Martha
Grossner, Annie T.	Potter, Emily	Young, Jennie

Second Year.—S Division.—Ladies.

Aschenbach, Mary	Grass, Celia	Prieth, Annie
Blanchard, Wilhelmina	Hays, Mary	Randall, Addie
Bond, Ida	Henson, Ellen	Rhodabeck, Carrie
Coleman, Mary	Holloway, Julia	Roberts, Ellen
Crane, Amelia	Honeywell, Clara	Robertson, Edna
Currier, Nettie	James, Mary	Sommer, Emma
Dawes, Alice	Johnson, J. Louise	Taylor, Mary
Dean, Julia	Lawshe, Laura	Thomson, May
Dingwell, Lizzie	Lemon, May	True, Jennie
Dodge, Ruth	Marsh, Nellie	Umscheiden, Rosette
Donnelly, Anna	Nichols, K. Alliene	Ward, Alice
Eyles, Alice	Patton, May	Wood, Elvie
Eno, Emma	Pohlig, Ida	Young, Maggie

First Year.—N Division.—Gentlemen.

Ackerman, George	Ditmars, Frank N.	Mockridge, Arthur H.
Badgley, Thomas C.	Dreyfous, Herbert G.	Morris, George E.
Bailey, Samuel G.	Frey, Warren F.	Muchmore, Ward
Baird, James	Gardener, John	Onderdonk, George
Bimblor, Fred	Haefeli, Albert	Pentz, A. MacLay
Blake, Frank L.	Hammell, George M.	Phelps, Fred A.
Breingan, Robert L.	Hand, James, Jr.	Price, Frank A.
Brice, William L.	Johnson, William H.	Rosegrant, William A.
Brown, Fred L.	Kay, David, Jr.	Schlesinger, Louis A.
Broemel, Fred A.	Lagowitz, Selig	Schwartz, Herman C.
Campbell, Daniel T.	Lampater, Robert E.	Stephens, Albert J.
Chambers, Fred M.	Lowery, William G.	Stockem, Eugene L.
Chandler, J. Frank	Mandeville, Edwin	Van Houten, Abram G.
Cone, Joseph N.	Meyer, Benjamin	Waltzinger, William
Demarest, Harry B.	Mock, Fred. A.	

First Year.—S Division.—Gentlemen.

Abeles, U. Samuel	Eyles, William J.	Price, Walter L.
Berg, William L.	Gries, Moses	Reibold, Edward H.
Berry, William M., Jr.	Gates, George, Jr.	Rodeman, William C.
Brown, Irving C.	Harrison, Charles E.	Stockem, E. L.
Brundage, A. H.	Hay, George A.	Stachlin, Edward
Burgesser, Victor	Johnson, J. Millard	Titcomb, George E.
Burnett, Park, Jr.	Lane, William	Vroom, Charles B.
Clark, A. Judson	Louis, William F.	Wagoner, Charles B.
Crane, William Rae	M'Elhose, George W.	Walker, George W.
Crowell, James	Martin, Julius	Ward, Marcus L.
Demarest, Charles E.	Mershon, Albert L.	Widner, Hugo J.
Dunn, Edwin C.	Meyer, Oscar L.	Willoughby, Harry C.
Durand, M. A.	Moran, Paul	Winters, Charles
Eichhorn, Fred H.	Pierson, A. G.	Wilsey, DeForrest C.

First Year.—N Division.—Ladies.

Allen, Georgie	Errickson, F. Esther	Martin, May
Baker, Fannie E.	Gaston, Kittie	Martin, Dora
Barkhorn, Elsie B.	Gray, Sarah E.	Mead, Emma J.
Beardsley, Mabel	Gregory, Virginia G.	McDowell, Lettie L.
Birkenhaur, Barbara	Harrison, Jessie	Peters, Irene E.
Bissett, Ida B.	Hill, Lillie A.	Ramsthaler, Clara
Buehler, Annie	Hilton, Mary L.	Rosenbauer, Katie
Burgyes, Edith	Hines, Annie	Smith, Anna
Crane, Emma	Howell, Pemmie	Smith, Cora C.
Crane, Helen S.	Jones, Ida C.	Starkweather, Minnie
Darlington, Marion	Kelly, Annie A.	Tompkins, Florence
De Mott, Anna Belle	Kinsey, Lizzie D.	Tompkins, Hester
Drew, Minnie I.	Kirk, Minnie A.	Toppen, Hettie V.
Edwards, Clara L.	Klotz, Lizzie	Westwood, Fannie E.
Elcox, Nellie T.	Leary, Jennie E.	Woodruff, Pauline

First Year.—S Division.—Ladies.

Ball, Lizzie S.	Foster, H. Gussie	Nichols, Tillie L.
Berry, Arisena	Fowler, Helen M.	Pier, Lillian F.
Bender, Anna	Freeman, Cornelia E.	Reeve, Lottie C.
Brown, Ida L.	Hall, Juliet N.	Richards, Josephine
Burnett, Jennie	Halleck, Sarah L.	Robertson, E. Bertha
Chadwick, Anna	Harrington, Emma	Schafer, Emma L.
Clark, Grace E.	Hines, M. Ella	Straus, Regena
Clark, Mamie M.	Honeywell, Iola	Sturgis, Phebe E.
Cornwall, Gertie L.	Hotz, Eleanora	Vliet, Ella L.
Coult, Lida A.	Howard, Lizzie J.	Williamson, Katie
Cozine, Laura B.	Jones, Laura	Wolfe, Olivia G.
Dey, Lurena	McHugh, Abbie P.	Woodruff, Mamie E.
Durland, Lillie E.	McPeck, Sadie M.	Woodruff, Nellie M.
Dwyer, Mamie A.	Miller, M. Belle	Woodruff, Flora C.
Finter, Ella S.	Miller, Lizzie C.	

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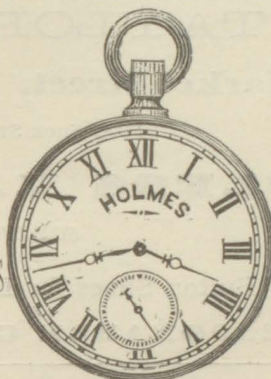
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